

The Sketch

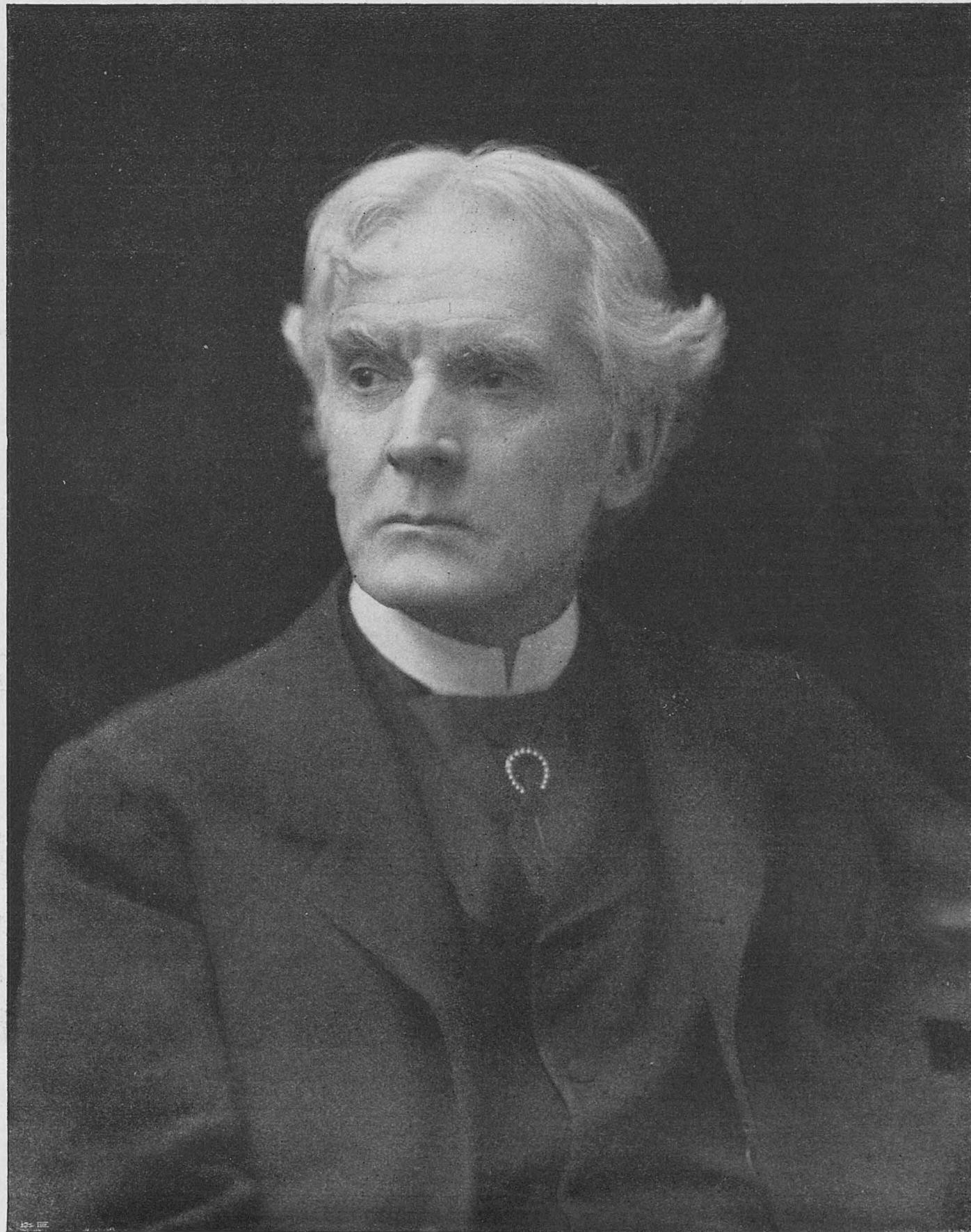


C. HENTSCHEL, sc.

No. 191.—VOL. XV.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1896.

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MR. HERMANN VEZIN, NOW APPEARING IN "THE DUCHESS OF COOLGARDIE," AT DRURY LANE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. CASWALL SMITH, OXFORD STREET, W.

AT RANDOM.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

"We'll e'en to 't like French falconers, fly at anything we see."

Some months ago, when the cinématographe was new to London, I suggested that it might be applied to the stage for the representation of crowds. Instead of the gay and gallant "super" in the flesh, we might have a lifelike image of him, fighting with wild beasts at Ephesus, or notwithstanding the onset of the Dervishes in the Soudan. This would not be a mere photograph of a rehearsed effect, for that would offer no advantage over the present system. You would not see Mr. Terriss bound to a rock, awaiting the thrust of savage spears, carefully adjusted by the stage-manager. I am not a bloodthirsty man; but I never witness the mimic combats of the stage without a gnawing sense of their insufficiency. Barring accidents, Mr. Terriss is quite safe from the dusky warriors who make believe that they are not peaceful citizens, born within the sound of Bow Bells, and incapable of hurting a fly. But, by an adroit use of the instrument which, in America, is called the vitascope, you might behold the real fire-eaters of the Desert, who would certainly refuse the munificent sum of a shilling a-night for pretending that they wanted the blood of an infidel dog.

In the *North American Review* Mr. George Lathrop describes the possibilities of the vitascope for the purposes of stage illusion. Photographs of the landscape could be taken in a train, and so adapted as to supersede the old painted panorama which still does duty on the stage when the *dramatis persona* are supposed to be taking a river excursion. I recall with melancholy a scene in Mr. Daly's version of "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which the stage was understood to be a ducal barge, and the jerky backcloth, adorned with classical pillars and statuaries ladies waving pocket-handkerchiefs, was the landscape through which Theseus and his friends were languidly floating. How much better were an actual scene reproduced by the vitascope, with all the colour and movement of Nature! And, better still, a real Dervish rush photographed from life by an adventurous student with the British column up the Nile! You could not have the real war-cry of Fuzzy-Wuzzy; that would have to be imitated by stentorian lungs behind the scenes; but you would get such a vivid glimpse of his ferocious personality as would satisfy the most robust appetite for horrors in the Adelphi pit. What a prodigious success Drury Lane might enjoy with a sporting drama, in which the racecourse at Epsom in the background—when the simple-minded hero is wondering whether his fortunes will be saved by the horse on which he has staked his all at the suggestion of the villain, masquerading as a "tipster"—was a mass of moving, cheering figures, transferred straight from life by the ingenious apparatus to which Mr. Edison seems to be giving much of his attention!

One suggestion of Mr. Lathrop's may excite misgiving and even protest. By the alliance of the phonograph and the vitascope, he says, we may have a play performed without actors, and without any payment at the doors! The Adelphi melodrama may be played in the back parlour, and all the agonising suspense of Mr. Terriss turned on with a handle. Acting, scenery, orchestra, everything presented to you as you sit at home in slippered ease! I daresay the idea will commend itself to many people who would like to patronise the drama without the pernicious association of the theatre. I can imagine a phonographic and vitoscopic Arthur Roberts convulsing the staid propriety of an assemblage of deacons, who would not be seen in a theatre for the wealth of Golconda. But what would the actors, and still more the actresses, think of this disembodiment of their graces? How would they like silvery accents to be mistaken for a mild and apologetic fog-horn, and a shapely person to be thrown upon a screen? Could acting by scientific proxy be described as a fine art? These are questions which ought to engage the serious consideration of the dramatic profession.

I have come across a little book with the stimulating title of "Man," written, it need scarcely be said, by a woman. As I glanced down the table of contents—"The Word of a Man," "The Conscience of a Man," "The Thoughts of a Man," "The Method of a Man," nay, even "The Vanity of a Man"—I had a pleasing sense of coming revelation. "Here," I said, "is the whole mystery of Man made plain. When he reads this he will feel that he is in a public confessional, under the penetrating gaze of Miss Lilian Quiller-Couch. Will she grant him absolution, or send him away with a merciless ban upon his head?" I opened the volume at "The Word of a Man." The word was "Damn." This seemed promising. Into that monosyllable a good deal of Man is undoubtedly condensed.

When Bob Acres said that "dams have had their day," he entirely underrated the sinewy vigour of the most expressive word in the language. "Damn" is immortal, because it articulates with strength and simplicity the discontent of Man, alike with the small worries of his daily life and with the most momentous obstacles to spiritual weal. The religious habit of devoting a vast number of our fellow-creatures to everlasting perdition would alone ensure the permanence of a malediction which retains its potency even in Mr. Mantalini's "demnition demmit."

So far, then, I was impressed by the insight of the author of "Man." From "Damn" I turned with some trepidation to "Conscience." Here was a chance for disclosure! Now, if ever, Man would be found out and shown up! Well, "The Conscience of a Man" is a parable. A successful author is meditating a new romance. He sketches the characters, and all goes swimmingly till he comes to the "Wicked Woman." To a man's novel a "Wicked Woman," you perceive, is indispensable. It strikes him that feminine wickedness will be most impressive in the form of a saint—an idea which makes me a little distrustful of his original invention. He cannot see the saint in his mind's eye, so he travels in search of her. On a stormy coast (not Cornish), he finds a lady bountiful who has built a lighthouse, but is supposed by the country-folk to be leagued with evil spirits because the lighthouse-keeper went mad. That has happened to lighthouse-keepers before—see Rudyard Kipling *passim*. The man, intent on his "Wicked Woman," returns joyfully to his work. He is actually going to make this misunderstood benefactress the monster of the tale, when "Conscience" grips him. "With a groan, he sprang to his feet and dropped his pen as if it were a serpent." The "plain and hideous sin" in which he was about to "steep her" was, no doubt, a dreadful commerce with the powers of darkness. Young men, betrothed to deserving maidens, were to be lured into the service of the lighthouse, and then driven mad by demons.

I wonder how many story-tellers, male or female, would have conscientious scruples in such a case. The man presently discovered that he was in love with the lighthouse lady, but the operations of the tender passion and of conscience are not always identical. Is this special pleading? Am I publicly confessing that my conscience is extinct? It is an ominous sign that my pen does not hiss like a serpent, but obstinately preserves the disguise of a prosaic "Waverley"! Nay, I am tempted to say that if I were an ardent romancer, and fell in love with a blameless bestower of lighthouses, I should not think it a crime to use the popular superstition about her black arts for the purposes of fiction. There! the murder is out, and I stand before the bar of Miss Lilian Quiller-Couch as Man the Impenitent!

I pass over "The Thoughts of a Man," which appear to be the reflections that occur to him when a runaway horse is carrying him down a precipice. This might be an allegory of a moral precipice, and the fiery, untamed steed of the passions; but in that situation Man would think of something more exciting than the snowball he once threw at a patient, uncomplaining animal. But "The Vanity of a Man"! A little Quaker maiden essays, with missionary fervour, to understand this masculine quality, and finds it fathomless. She has a worldly cousin who takes a pride in his manly exercises, and is not indifferent to the shape of his calves in knickerbockers. But she notices with surprise that he is no vainer of one excellence than of another; and, with the zeal of a seeker after truth, she asks, "What is thy vanity—the vanity of men?" He makes the singular reply, "I have no vanity—men have no vanity." "Ah!" says she to herself. "So that is it. I could never cure that." The commentary is rather neat from a Quaker maiden's point of view; but I fear that the real profundity of Man's vanity is not a fitting subject for such innocent research. No; Miss Quiller-Couch's Man is not unveiled. The confessional is only a scare, after all. I have seen the culprit vivisected by less gentle hands, from which he must turn to Miss Quiller-Couch with a positive sense of flattery. If he wants still more of that soothing syrup, there is another lady ready to assure him that the "English eye, when it is sunny and straightforward, is very beautiful; but it is generally a man's eye." There is no sort of use for the confessional after that.

On the same authority I learn that the eyes of Englishwomen are small and expressionless, that their mouths seemed shaped for eating, not for social converse, that they show their teeth too much, and wear a stereotyped smile. The undue exhibition of teeth does not mean, I hope, that they want to bite you; no doubt it is the result of the smile. I am glad it is a woman who affirms all this. Suppose Miss Quiller-Couch had set down these horrid sentiments among "The Thoughts of a Man"!

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JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

LXIV.—“BUDAPESTI HIRLAP” AND M. JENÖ RAKOSI.

Newspaper-offices are much alike all the world over. That of the *Budapesti Hirlap*, which has the largest circulation in Hungary, is a big bare building, faced with red brick and stucco. It is about fifty yards away from the *Népszinház* (People's Theatre), which M. Rákosi, the editor, founded in 1875 and managed for six years.

I found him in a comfortable room on the first floor. There were a desk with speaking-tubes, a small library of books of reference, and other usual editorial paraphernalia. On the wall I noticed an etching of Munkácsy's "Ecce Homo," with a dedication in pencil from the artist.

"My mission in life," M. Rákosi said to me, "has been to resist the Germanising of Hungary. When an attempt was made to start a German theatre here, I opposed it by every means in my power, and I founded the *Népszinház* to counteract it. I succeeded in killing the German theatre, and my own has been a continuous success. Indeed, it is the only theatre in Budapest which has been uniformly successful. When I had done for the German theatre, I determined to do for German journalism here; so I gave up my management and started this paper. German papers will probably continue here for a long time to come, as they have many readers, and they serve as intermediaries for foreigners who cannot speak Hungarian. But I have prevented the disgrace of a German journal taking the lead in the Hungarian capital.

"When I was a boy, the Austrians tried to Germanise Hungary. German theatres, German newspapers, and German schools were their most effective means of doing so, and, as such, had to be resisted. I remember going to school one day and the teacher saying to us, 'Children, the law is that henceforward you are only to use German books in this school.' And that, though not one of us knew a word of German, or had any desire to learn that language. You can imagine the confusion of our studies for some time to come. Now the boot is on the other leg, and we are Magyarising the country at an amazing rate."

"I suppose all Hungarian journalism is comparatively modern?"

"Well, Hungarian papers existed at the end of last century, but they were quite ephemeral until 1840, when some important ones came into existence. In 1848 we had a great journalistic revival, Kossuth himself, among others, directing a newspaper. But the crushing defeat of our country caused an eclipse in journalism as in everything else, and it was fully three years before Hungarian papers cropped up again. Baron Eötvös and Baron Kemény were the ancestors of modern Hungarian journalism. They threw themselves into it heart and soul. I began my journalistic career under Kemény on the *Pesti Napló*, which is still in existence. In 1881, when I gave up my theatre, I founded the *Budapesti Hirlap* in conjunction with my friend Csukassi."

In answer to a series of indiscreet questions, M. Rákosi told me that his paper has a circulation of 48,000 copies a-day. One edition is published every day of the week, including an extra large paper on Sundays and fete-days. He has a literary staff of twenty-four. As to the earnings of journalists, he considers they are very fair in Hungary, though there, of course, as indeed, everywhere else, there is considerable variety of salary according to merit. One member of his staff has a salary of five hundred a-year. The writer of the *feuilleton*, who does nothing for the paper besides his one weekly contribution, receives some £340 a-year. As much as nine pounds has been paid for a single article.

M. Rákosi has no foreign correspondents, for he finds he can get all he wants from the Vienna Press. He employs a man on the *Neue Freie Presse* to telephone him all the news from Vienna as it comes in. He once had a London correspondent, but could not use any of his work for three or four months, and therefore had to get rid of him. The news, which had come from Vienna by telephone, was all stale by the time it had been posted from London. Advertisements are quite a secondary consideration compared with the sale of the paper. Out of an income of five hundred thousand florins, he does not suppose he receives more than fifty thousand from advertisements.

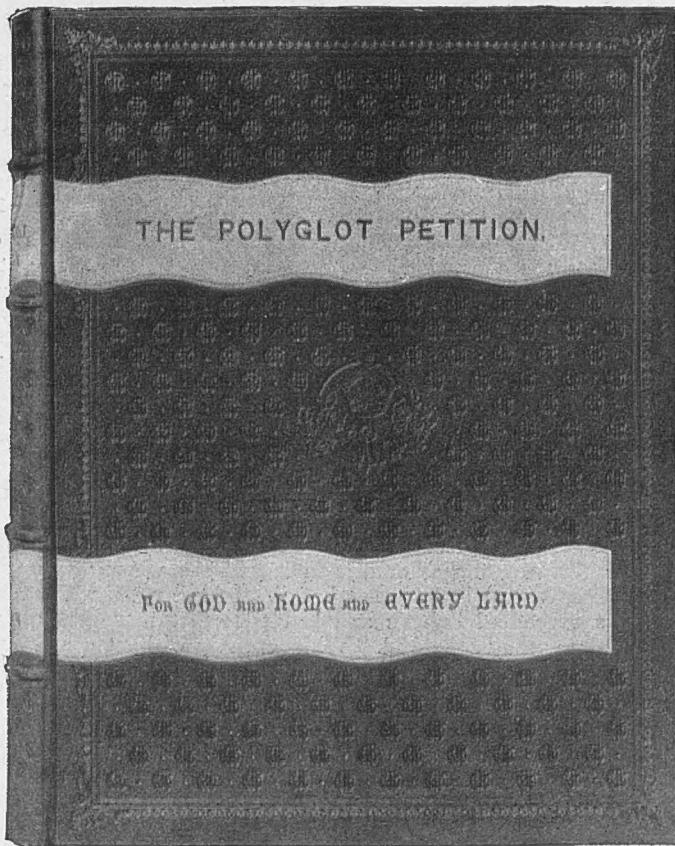
I elicited some interesting facts about the distribution of the paper. Fully 75 per cent. of the copies sold are delivered to subscribers through the post. They get the paper quite as cheaply that way as if they bought it from newsagents, which accounts for the conspicuous scarcity of the latter in Hungary. M. Rákosi told me he was not sorry that they had never obtained any hold in his country, as more profit remained for the paper in consequence. He wondered that English newspapers did not lay themselves out to attract more subscribers instead of casual purchasers through newsagents; but he supposed it was largely a matter of habit. The sale of newspapers in the streets was forbidden by Hungarian law.

When I was shown over the building (which does not call for particular comment), I noticed a great number of flat drawers, containing long paper slips, each about an inch wide. When a subscription arrives, I was told, the subscriber's address is printed on as many slips as he has ordered copies. Each night one slip is collected from each bundle, and so the papers are sent out. The papers go down to the station between 2 and 3 a.m., and are posted in the trains.

M. Rákosi is between fifty and sixty, with hair and beard of yellow-grey. He is an energetic, self-confident man, with a good deal of quiet dignity. His paper is not attached to any party, but reflects a highly coloured patriotism. News rather than literature is its special aim; but I am told by those who understand Hungarian that it is always readable and bright. That I can quite believe after the pleasure of an hour's chat with M. Rákosi.

SMALL TALK.

To-day all the world will ring with congratulations to her Majesty on the unique record she has achieved. And what more appropriate than that her women subjects should approach her on a subject that many of them have so close at heart, for the World's Woman's Christian Temperance



A GREAT PETITION TO THE QUEEN.

Union, over which Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard reign, have got seven million names and endorsements to the petition which they are to present to the Queen. The petition was first circulated by Mary Clement Leavitt, who laboured for nine years, chiefly in Oriental countries, to promote a knowledge of the White Ribbon movement, which is the systematised outgrowth of the Women's Crusade in Ohio in 1873 and 1874 against the liquor traffic. To-day the petition contains the signatures of the peoples of fifty different countries. The signatures of the Indian ladies were secured with considerable difficulty, because it was a problem what names they should sign. They could not give their own names, as they are allowed no individuality; to sign their husbands' names would be immodest; so finally they resolved to give their father's names, and have so written the signatures. All the signatures have been photographed and bound by Mr. Zaehnsdorf, of Shaftesbury Avenue, in two monster volumes, in blue morocco, bearing across the face two strips of white leather, the sign of the White Ribbon movement. On the lower ribbon is worked in gold the motto "For God and Home and Every Land." The petition is quite historic, and I feel constrained to give its text—

We, your Majesty's petitioners, although belonging to the physically weaker sex, are strong of heart to love our homes, our native land, and the world's family of nations. We know that clear brains and pure hearts make honest lives and happy homes, and that by these the nations prosper, and the time comes nearer when the world shall be at peace. We know that indulgence in alcohol and opium, and in vices which disgrace our social life, makes misery for all the world, and most of all for us and for our children. We know that stimulants and opiates are often forced upon populations either ignorant or unwilling. We know that the law might do much now left undone to raise the moral tone of society and render vice difficult. We have no power to prevent these great iniquities beneath which the whole world groans; but we know your

Majesty's beneficent influence over your subjects in all parts of the world, and therefore we, your Majesty's petitioners, come to you with the united voices of representative women of all your dominions, beseeching you to continue to use your great power to raise the standard of the law to that of Christian morals, and to protect our homes from these curses of civilisation throughout all the territory over which your Empire extends.

Of course, the rhymers have run riot over the great record. I have received a remarkable poem, entitled "Lessons from the Reign of Queen Victoria." It is a compendious history of her Majesty's reign, enriched by gems of piety and philosophy. What could be more fitting than this epic description of the Queen's childhood?

Brimful of interest and mild-beaming light,
Thy childhood's life by Ramsgate, Isle of Wight,
At Tunbridge Wells, in Wales, or Kensington,
Or favoured chosen resorts by shore or town.

For concise synopsis commend me to this—

In '48 L. Philippe France forsook,
And in that year Ireland its course mistook.

There are some weighty stanzas addressed to the Prince of Wales, whose encouragement of sport invites the bard to respectful protest—

And now, dear Prince, I'm pleased I've had with you
This somewhat lengthened, wholesome interview.

All this, however, is only prefatory to the main point.

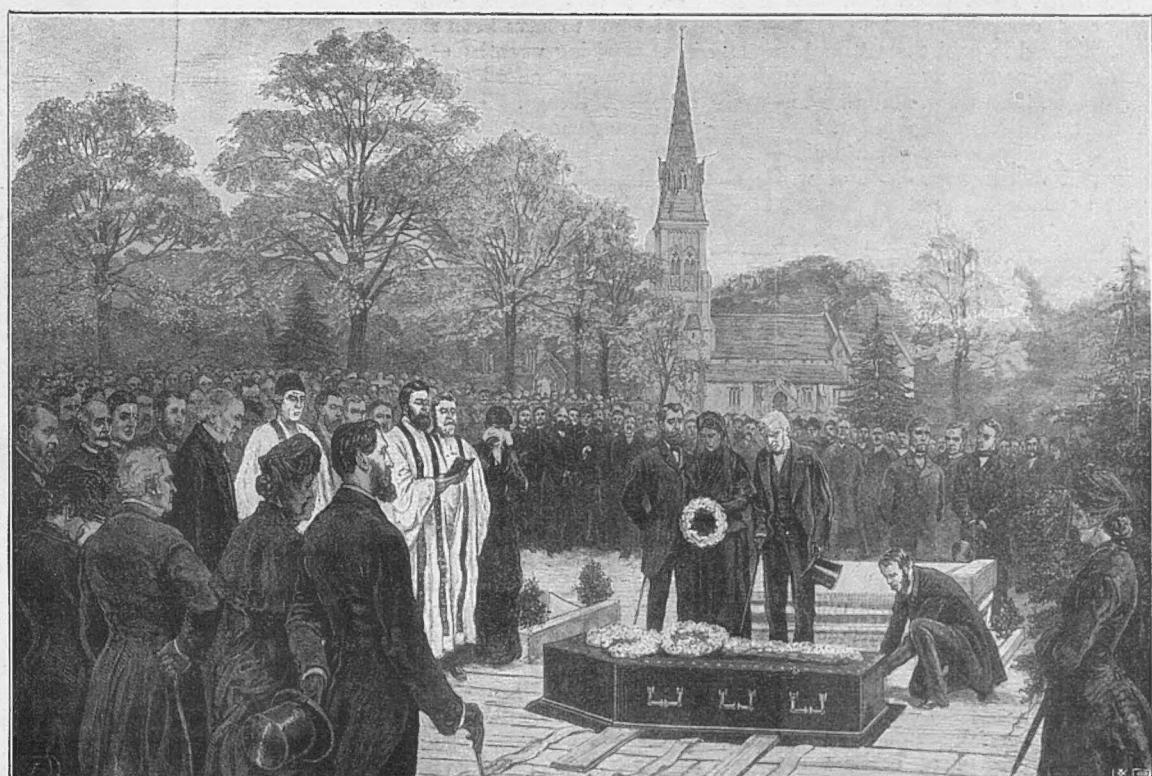
Yet when a man has battled brave and long,
Like him who carols now his Country's song,
Will those his countrymen their Bard forget?
Ah! no! in sooth, they'll recompense him yet!

Oh! Salisbury, whom all good men regard,
When genuine worth you note upon your card
(Even Joseph sought not to forgotten be),
If merit notice claims, remember me!

I gather from this that, as Mr. Chamberlain is Colonial Secretary, the Bard ought to be Poet Laureate.

It is, however, peculiarly sad that at such a time the country should again ring with dynamite scares, just as it did fourteen years ago, when the assassins who murdered Lord Frederick Cavendish in the Phoenix Park set all the world agog. I remember well the funeral in the little model village of Edensor, within a mile of Chatsworth. Lady Frederick was there, with the poor old Duke on her left and Lord Edward Cavendish on her right, while Lord Hartington stood next to Lady Louisa Cavendish. Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone went down to the little churchyard, and Mr. Forster was also one of the mourners. It was a sad scene, and time has healed many hearts since then; but all the terrible story comes back with the arrest of "No. 1."

The dynamite news has added a fresh zest to the enjoyment always snatched by Folkestonians from the arrival of the Boulogne boat. To many of them the victims of sea-sickness appear to afford an endless gratification, which was more than the annual regatta did, for squally weather spoiled most of the events and a great deal of the enjoyment. This general dampness extended to the firework display in the evening, which, I understand, was shorn of much of its glory. Folkestone has



THE FUNERAL OF LORD FREDERICK CAVENDISH IN EDENSOR CHURCHYARD, CHATSWORTH, MAY 1, 1882.
Reproduced from "The Illustrated London News."

grown mightily since I was last there, and the local authorities will tell you that it is vastly improved, but on that point I feel a little doubtful. I am inclined to think I preferred it as it was some fifteen years ago.

Nothing can spoil the picturesqueness of the older parts of Folkestone—the conformation of the ground on which it is built must prevent that. Street is piled above street in such a manner that a

visitor is stated to have exclaimed, "Well, Rome was built on seven hills, but, bless me! Folkestone is built on seventy," and from some of these three-score-and-ten hills one is always chancing on delightful peeps of cliff and sea, with a foreground of flowers and greenery, and a mid-distance of mellowed red-tiled roofs. I was under the impression that Folkestone was considered a "smart" place, and I have certainly seen (despite the weather) many charming costumes on young ladies well qualified to show them to advantage, yet three different ladies whom I met the other morning all informed me that the smartness of Folkestone was on the decline. One of them, who is staying at a hotel as well known as the town itself, went so far as to declare, when

A FRENCH ADDRESS TO THE CZAR.

I stated my belief that there were very nice people there, that they were "very nice fossils," and as she is certainly considered an authority—in London, at least—on what is or is not smart, and as I do not pretend to any special knowledge in the matter, I contented myself with asking her "why she came here," and was answered "because of the air." About the excellence of *that* there can, I think, be no two opinions. Let the outskirts of Folkestone become as towny as St. John's Wood, let the cliffs between Sandgate and the Leas be packed with red and white villas, hotels, and boarding-houses as thickly as West Kensington, nothing will destroy the health-giving breezes, and it must be many a long year before the ingenuity of man mars the delightful range of hills which includes the Castle Hill and the wonderfully green and picturesque Sugar Loaf, from the summit of which extends a panorama to enjoy which would reward the exertions of an asthmatic old gentleman.

How fluttered France gets over the Czar! When he was crowned the French colony at St. Petersburg gave him an address. And now the visit of his Majesty to France has made poor President Faure worry himself to death as to the most suitable kind of coat in which to receive the Czar and "Madame la Czarine," as the Empress is somewhat quaintly designated in the latest *café-chantant* ditty. He has now decided to use the plain dress-coat of everyday life. The uniform designed for M. Faure by a noted Paris tailor was, as you may see, a very elaborate affair. The coat, composed of *bleu de Roi*—oh, irony!—was to have been richly embroidered in gold thread, and the design, comprising wreaths of oak-leaves and acorns, narcissi and pansies, would have symbolised strength, sweetness, friendship, and a host of other excellent things. There was, however, a certain Republican frugality in the arrangement that with this one splendid coat two sets of knickerbockers were to have been provided; one pair was to have been of white cloth or buckskin, to be worn on grand occasions, the other of sober black velvet.

M. Faure, who is still *très bel homme*, would have carried off even this fantastic uniform, but the precedent now made might have been embarrassing to his successors. The President has a keen eye for effect. He early realised the part played by Boulanger's legendary black horse, and though to many a park hack would scarcely appear to be the most fitting charger for a long field-day among troops under canvas, there is no doubt that M. le Président was well advised when he made his appearance *en cavalier* instead of being seen, as was the case with his three immediate predecessors at the Élysée, always in a carriage, secure from cold or warmth as the case might be.

Nobody, or very few people outside the circle of police officialdom, knows the truth about the Soho of the present. It is regarded as the foreign quarter, noted for cheap restaurants frequented by good Bohemians. There is an aspect of Soho about which a volume might be written. From Soho to Seven Dials is not a far cry, and there is plenty of intercourse between the two places. The Palace Theatre has immensely improved the district immediately surrounding, and many stews and rookeries have been demolished, yet there are slums in plenty all round Shaftesbury Avenue infested by the foulest creatures under the moon. There is a world of crime and criminals stretching from Piccadilly Circus on the Lyric Theatre side of the Avenue along the Tottenham Court Road. It is safe to say that most foreign refugees hide in the dreary, little-frequented streets, while many curious sights have been my reward for tours of inspection in the neighbourhood.

Dan Leno's song about the horse-shoe, though by no means one of the versatile comedian's best efforts, interests me considerably because it brings to my mind the recollection of a novel experience of superstition. Some few autumns ago I was staying in the North of England for a few days' shooting at the place of a man who was a keen all-round sportsman and a very well-educated man. There were horse-shoes in evidence everywhere, and he told me that whenever a gee-gee cast a shoe outside his premises it was brought to him and placed outside some door. I was amused, but, of course, did not comment in any way upon the matter. A couple of days later I went to the stables with my friend and noticed over the entrance a big common flint with a hole in it that may have been made by the dripping of water throughout countless years. A string was passed through this hole, and the flint suspended by it. I stared at it and looked round to my companion. "Oh," he said, "that's to keep the devil from the horses." I still stared. "You see," he continued, "there's an old saying that the devil is fond of coming to stables at night, riding a man's best horses, and bringing them back at cockerow run to death. If you have a stone with a natural hole, and tie it over the stable-door, the devil is unable to get in." "Can't he get in at the window?" I asked in all seriousness. "No," replied my host equally gravely, "I believe not."

The discussion of the moment in certain theatrical circles is about the possibility of trouble on next Licensing Day. There are vague rumours of opposition and complaints of secret meetings and formidable resolutions. I have had an exceptional opportunity of noticing the movements of certain unco' guid people, and think it safe to say that the fatal day now rapidly approaching will not pass without some alarms and excursions. They will be more a matter for regret than surprise. A spirit of carelessness, to use no stronger expression, has of late been apparent in the programmes of certain large halls where "variety" is the sole attraction and ballets are tabooed. I have noted with growing uneasiness a spread of dulness and bad taste that managers are very short-sighted to pass unchecked. While entirely without sympathy for



PRESIDENT FAURE'S COAT.

men and women who degrade their calling, I should be very sorry for an agitation by mere outsiders to raise music-hall managers to the ranks of martyrs and make the great public indulge in a furious anti-Puritan clamour that disregards the main facts at issue. I believe that the remedy for existing evils should rest with the public, and that the Press should take a vigorous lead. Music-hall viciousness is bad; virtue by Act of County Council is worse.

In reference to the article in these pages on the famous harp, Mr. John Parkes-Buchanan writes me from the Union Club, Trafalgar Square, as follows—

Master George Buchanan, the reputed ancestor of the owners of the harp, left no descendants, and therefore the information given in the article as to any such is incorrect. Master George Buchanan never married, and his only representatives are the descendants of his brothers, a full account of whom are given in a work published last year by the late J. Guthrie Smith, F.S.A. (Scotland), entitled "Strathendrick." Several members of the clan did, however, settle in the North of Ireland during the troublous times of the seventeenth century, and I have no doubt Mr. W. E. Buchanan may have been able to trace his descent from one of these emigrants. At the same time, I think the particular family who went to Tyrone were descended from a great-uncle of Master George's, and not from one of his brothers.

Friday will see the publication in book form of Mrs. Humphry Ward's new novel, "Sir George Tressady," which has been running through the *Century*. Of late years the authoress of "Robert Ellesmere" has not often let a day go by without spending a certain portion of each morning at her writing-table, and yet she finds time to take an active interest in the pursuits and amusements of her clever son and her two young daughters. The girls, following the example of their aunt, Miss Ethel Arnold, are ardent cyclists, and, undaunted by the long, steep hills which encompass Stocks, Mr. and Mrs. Ward's beautiful country home, the younger members of the house-party frequently indulge in long cycling expeditions in and about Tring. Stocks, of which, I fancy, Mr. Humphry Ward is the tenant, and not the owner, is a

outrage. It reminds me of the O'Mulligan at Mrs. Perkins's ball. The O'M. drank too much wine, and was rudely familiar with his host, whom he didn't know from Adam. "My name is Perkins, sir," said the irate gentleman, to which the O'M. replied, "Perkins—my man of firkins," and became still more drunk. M. Zola likes his countrymen, in dealing with him, to lay on butter by the firkin, but he will not care to be known as the Man of Gherkins.

The commotion about hair shirts in the Church of England just now reminds me of a story of George Augustus Sala. He was staying in a house with some friends on one occasion, and the morning after his arrival there was a terrible uproar. Sala was heard declaring that he had been robbed. His friends asked what he had lost. His watch? No. His purse? No. It was something much more precious. It proved to be a hair shirt, which was found under a bed. Nothing in Sala's usual deportment suggested any fondness for this article of apparel.

The story of Baron de Worms' mugs is pathetic. He wanted to give presents to some school-children, and he ordered a supply of mugs from an English firm. When they came they bore the inscription, "Made in Germany." The Baron was much upset, and I do not wonder. Fancy presenting a mug to a nice little boy with a shining face, and saying, "My little man, always remember that you are an Englishman, and do your utmost to rise to distinction in the service of your country." Fancy, too, the expression on his face when he turns the mug upside down and reads the patriotic legend! I feel for the Baron!

Miss Janet Ward.

Mrs. Humphry Ward.
Mrs. Huxley.

Mr. Huxley. Miss Dorothy Ward. Miss Lyttleton. Mrs. Lyttleton. Mrs. Ward's Sister.



A HOUSE-PARTY AT MRS. HUMPHRY WARD'S.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. T. NEWMAN, BERKHAMSTEAD.

most charming old place, already boasting of literary associations, for it was in the still leafy garden that Waller wrote much of his best verse, and in the trunk of a huge tree, boasting of a girth of forty-three feet, is a rude niche, called to this day "the Poet's Seat." Both Bucks and Herts claim the honour of possessing Stocks, for through the estate, one of the few remaining really mentioned in Domesday Book, runs the line dividing the two counties. There, within a little over an hour from London, Mrs. Humphry Ward spends much of her leisure, though she must surely look back with a certain tenderness to the lovely Surrey farmhouse which was her country home during the first years of her own and her husband's married life.

There is rather a grim irony in the statement that hospital nurses have taken to cycling. It appears that they have a club of their own, and a special uniform. Perhaps one of them will be good enough to send me her photograph in the uniform, that my cycling readers may know a hospital nurse on a bicycle when they see her. I think I should prefer her in those soothing greys or browns and agreeable caps which make the hospital nurses so restful to the eye in the thoroughfares. Whether I shall be quite so grateful to meet one of them on a bicycle I am not sure. The encounter might be too suddenly suggestive of compound fracture.

The tastes of eminent writers are always interesting. M. Zola seems to have a passion for gherkins. He was stopped by the *octroi* officials the other day, and compelled to open a large case full of those dainties. Then the officials wanted to know whether he had any of them concealed about his person. He said he was the author of "La Terre," and other ennobling romances, but the *octroi* paid no more heed to this than the Cologne *douane* paid to Mr. Speaker Gully. So M. Zola has written a long and fiery article, full of gherkins, denouncing this unheard-of

The editor of *Reynolds's* is indignant at the anecdote I printed the other day about the National Liberal Club. It was the opinion of a Committeeman of the N.L.C., who, when some members objected to the dishes of a French *chef*, said the objection was natural in men who might once in their lives have carried their victuals in a coloured pocket-handkerchief, and their drink in a paraffin-oil can. "What of that?" demands my contemporary. "Is there anything disgraceful in having carried one's food in a handkerchief?" Nothing whatever. Only, my dear Mr. Thompson, it does not make the quondam owner of the handkerchief an authority on French cookery!

The policemen who look after the well-being of the West-End of London discharge their heavy duties as well as one can reasonably wish, but a keener supervision is required in certain quarters. There is a sale of photographs on street-barrows that is being used as a cloak for brisk trade in pornographic prints of every description. Proceedings have become so bold that no man can pass along even the main thoroughfares late at night without being cadged to buy the wretched piratical photos publicly exposed for sale. Should he hesitate a moment, other goods are produced from the vendor's pocket. This state of things is not pleasant to contemplate or to write about, but a printed protest in a widely read paper has more effect than fifty complaints to policemen or inspectors. The nuisance exists because men do not care to openly complain; they simply avoid the barrow of the photograph salesman. Unfortunately a large number of ignorant and unsuspecting people are always to be found in a large city, and it is on their behalf that I appeal to the police authorities to deal with the vicious crowd that infests the West-End, especially in the purlieus of Leicester Square and Soho. So bad is the present condition of the streets that last week, between Charing Cross Road and Albemarle Street, Piccadilly, I was three times accosted by photograph salesmen.

The two portraits presented on this page show a curious interchange of position : one, of a member of a titled family going on the stage, the other (Miss Eliza Farren) showing a stage figure who passed into a titled lady. Mr. Francis Adolphus Vane Tempest belongs to the Marquis of Londonderry's house, his father having been Lord Adolphus Vane-Tempest, a son of the third Marquis. Born in 1863, he was educated at

Harrow and later at Balliol, entirely with a view to a political career, and he has twice unsuccessfully contested the Mid-Division of the County of Durham. He has always been fond of acting, and was in great request *en amateur*. At last he resolved to become a member of the profession, and obtained his first engagement in 1891, on tour for three months with Miss Kate Vaughan and Mr. Van Biene's "Dancing Girl" Company, in which he was the Hon. Reginald Slingsby. Then, returning to town, he appeared for a fortnight as Lord Arthur in "A Pantomime Rehearsal," at Toole's, during the temporary absence of Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and in it made his first marked success. His next

engagement was with Mr. Thorne at the Vaudeville, where he played the private detective in Mr. Haddon Chambers' play "The Hon. Herbert." Then he joined Mr. Alexander at the St. James's, and remained with him, doing very excellent character-work, until he was engaged by Mr. Chudleigh for the Court to take Bertie Rosevere in "Vanity Fair." During his sojourn at the St. James's he played Mr. Dumby in "Lady Windermere's Fan." He was admirable as Sir George Orreyed in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray"; later he figured as Percy Blanchflower in "The Masqueraders," supported Mr. Alexander in "Kit Marlowe," and understudied Mr. Ben Webster in "Liberty Hall." To-day he is the Bountiful Bertie of "Monte Carlo," at the Avenue Theatre, which is illustrated at length elsewhere in this issue.

The lull in theatredom has enabled the *Era* to start a series of articles on "Titles and the Stage," and into this category, of course, comes the lovely Miss Elizabeth Farren, who was wedded by the twelfth Earl of Derby and who has been immortalised by Sir Thomas Lawrence. She made her first appearance on the stage in 1777, at the age of fourteen, when she drew all the town to the Haymarket to see her Miss Hardeastle in "She Stoops to Conquer." Later she created a Lady Teazle that has seldom been approached. It was in this part that she took her stage farewell almost a hundred years ago. When she reached the words addressed to Lady Sneerwell, "Let me also request, Lady Sneerwell, that you will make my respects to the scandalous college of which you are a member, and inform them that Lady Teazle, licentiate, begs leave to return the diploma they granted her, as she leaves off practice and kills characters no longer," she burst into tears, the sympathetic audience applauding her vociferously. In the "Remains" of James Smith are found several verses on the actresses of his day, and among them the following to Miss Farren—

Farren! Thalia's dear delight!
Can I forget the fatal night
Of grief, unstained by fiction?
E'en now the recollection damps
When Wroughton led thee to the lamps
In graceful valediction.

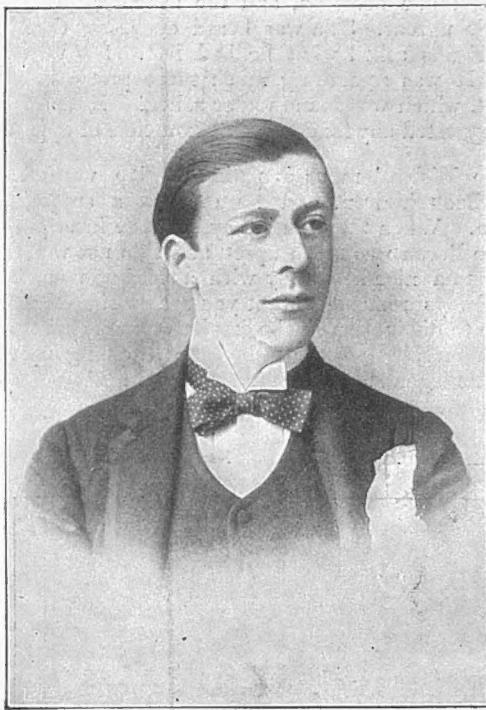
Wroughton was the Sir Peter. She died in 1829, five years before her husband, whose son by his first marriage succeeded, so that the present Lord Derby is not descended from the beautiful actress.

In a French paper—one that does not deserve to be named, so impudent is it in its impropriety—I came upon some curious details as to the method of living French dramatists of conducting rehearsals. Among other things it shows the different expressions used in addressing actresses. I believe that "my dear" is the classic term of the English stage. It appears that M. Sardou, famous as stage-manager, rushes about a great deal—in fact, walks several miles during a rehearsal—and calls the actresses *mon enfant*. M. Meilhac sits in a chair rather far from the stage and uses the term *ma fille*. M. Catulle Mendes sits at a table resting his head on his hand, and, as might be expected from an

erotic writer, uses an endearing *mon petit ange*. M. Feydeau is very calm but meticulous, and pays great attention to the "business"; his expression is *ma petite amie*. M. Valabregue goes through a scene time after time and never seems satisfied; he is coldly respectful with his *Mademoiselle*. M. Maxime Boucheron sits in the stalls close to the footlights, bites a pencil nervously, and, like M. Sardou, calls the actress *mon enfant*.

Putting aside the methods of several dramatists little known over here, I merely mention that the other expressions used are *vous*, *mon amie*, *ma chérie*, *mon petit*, and *mon petit chat*. It is curious to see how frequently the word *petit* is used. It would be very difficult to find nicely accurate English equivalents for these expressions.

It is only the other week that I devoted some space to the admirable performance of "Comus" at the Ladies' College, Cheltenham. That Milton's delightful masque should have been performed at Calcutta almost at the same time is very curious. The entertainment was given at the Volunteer Headquarters, in aid of the Women's Friendly Society, an admirable institution, in which the Countess of Elgin is greatly interested. "Comus," oddly enough, formed one of the items of a *café-chantant*, but even Milton himself could not have disapproved of the rest of the programme. The masque itself was admirably rendered. Mr. Shorrock made an effective Comus, while Mrs. Lindsey Daniel looked witching in the wood. The sixth scene, the Court of Comus, was also a good piece of stage-management, both as regards the grouping of the characters and the arrangement of the tableau itself. But, as is generally the case when this most ornate of masques is rendered, the passage which roused the greatest enthusiasm in the audience was the presentation of Sabrina (Mrs. Douglas White), the Spirit of the Severn, rising from the flood, attended by her nymphs. The water-lady and her attendants formed a poetic group, white, lemon, pale-blue, and pink mingling with gold and



MR. VANE TEMPEST.

Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS FARREN, AFTERWARDS COUNTESS OF DERBY.
Painted by Sir Thomas Lawrence.

silver in their light draperies, while in their hands they carried the lovely Indian lotus-flower half hidden in trails of foliage. One would like to know what the natives among the audience thought of the performance, for "Comus" recalls many of the old Indian legends, and the Spirit of Revelry was known on the banks of the Ganges in the days of Homer.

“COMUS,” AT CALCUTTA.



MEETING OF COMUS AND THE LADY.



MEETING OF THYRSIS AND THE BROTHERS.



COMUS AND HIS ROUT OF MONSTERS.



SABRINA BREAKS THE SPELL OF COMUS.



THE PLAYERS IN THE MASQUE.

There are few first-nighters so ardent as Mrs. Ian Robertson, the wife of the well-known actor. She is a daughter of Mr. Joseph Knight, the genial dramatic critic of the *Athenaeum*, who is very learned in the gentle art of theatrical biography. Mrs. Ian Robertson is constantly to be seen with her father, and of late her only daughter has been seen at the theatre. Her husband is too busy to be seen much in front, especially since he

Milton's *Lycidas*, looked more than his age, whereas, *per contra*, his father is singularly young-looking for a man well on in middle life. Both alike were (I regret I cannot say "are") exceedingly accomplished, well-informed, and amiable men, and a chat with them was one of the compensations for those wearying *entr'actes* during the Opera season. And now the abhorred shears of the blind Fury have split the thin-spun life of the younger Betjemann.

Within a pretty cover bearing in gold upon white the legend "Entertainments and Entertainers," Mr. Alfred Hays has arranged an illustrated list of the many musical artists and entertainers on his books. I recognise among the portraits the faces of Mr. David Devant, Mr. Alfred Capper, Miss Jessie Hotine, Mr. Dudley Causton, Miss Ethel Beningfield, Mr. Faithful Pearce, Miss Emily Foxcroft, Mr. Franklin Clive, Mr. Henry Piercy, and other well-known performers.

In a letter from Sydney, a friend tells me, with something like glee, how the recent financial depression out there has had the effect of lowering prices all round. House-rent is now about three-quarters of what it was some four years ago, and servants' wages have fallen proportionately. Of course, these changes are particularly welcome to people with moderate, fixed incomes.

At Boston recently Mr. Aubrey Boucicault made his début on the American vaudeville stage, appearing in Charles Dance's comedietta, "Delicate Ground." Curiously enough, this was sandwiched between two acts of "The Octoroon," one of the great Dion's most successful dramas.

Concurrently with Mr. George Alexander's tour with "The Prisoner of Zenda" has begun Mr. C. J. Abud's tour of the same piece, which is being taken to some of the smaller towns, under the direction of Mr. Yorke Stephens. That capital comedian, who has pretty often shown that touch-and-go work is his forte (notably in "Held by the Enemy," "Arms and the Man," and "On 'Change"), is now playing successfully Mr. Alexander's parts of Rudolf Rassendyll and Rudolf the Fifth. His wife, Miss Helen Leyton, is the Antoinette de Mauban, and Miss Furtado Clarke, who bears conjointly the names of her lamented



MR. IAN ROBERTSON.

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles, Titchfield Road.

joined his brother, Mr. Forbes-Robertson. Some years ago he edited *The Players*, which was one of the most interesting theatrical weeklies ever issued, though somehow or other it did not succeed.

An American dramatist, Edward E. Kidder, has recently introduced various stirring incidents of the Indian Mutiny into a play of his called "Shannon of the Sixth." "The Indian Mutiny" is the precise title of a military melodrama that has been toured over here for some time past, and the same struggle for life and death has again been presented on the stage in "The Victoria Cross," by Mr. J. W. Whitbread, which has just been brought out at the Queen's, Dublin, the theatre with which the author has long been associated. Boucicault's "Jessie Brown; or, The Relief of Lucknow," is, of course, the prototype of later dramas depicting the Mutiny. Many of Mr. J. W. Whitbread's earlier plays have dealt with Irish subjects, to which, indeed, such titles as "The Nationalist" and "The Irishman" bear witness. A merry Irish soldier, Andy Cregan, is the comedy rôle in "The Victoria Cross," and another theme which Mr. Whitbread has treated is that of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, on which Mr. Bodkin has lately written a semi-historical romance.

I am pleased to know that Miss Mona K. Oram, whose charming performance in Hill Davies' "In an Old Garden" is still fresh in the memory, has, together with her husband, Mr. Arthur Grenville, been engaged by Mr. John Hare, and will accompany him to America. Esther Eccles in "Caste" and Blanche Haye in "Ours" are both parts that should suit very well Miss Oram's exceedingly sympathetic style.

For promptitude in seizing upon a dramatic thing commend me to Mr. Max Goldberg, a playwright whose previous efforts have generally been based on comparatively ancient history or legend. Mr. Goldberg is now starting work upon an Oriental drama entitled "The Secrets of the Harem," and in this will be depicted the attack on the Ottoman Bank and the massacre of the Armenians in the streets of Constantinople, while the author anticipates the actual course of events by leading up to a *dénouement* showing the dethronement of the Sultan and the fall of the Ottoman Empire.

The unspeakably melancholy circumstances attending the death of Mr. Gilbert R. Betjemann have excited widespread sympathy for his father, Mr. Gilbert H. Betjemann, the esteemed leader of the Covent Garden orchestra, who is thus, while on his second honeymoon, bereaved of his only son. The younger Betjemann, cut off in his prime like



MRS. IAN ROBERTSON.

Photo by Lallie Garet-Charles, Titchfield Road.

parents, is the Princess Flavia. The company made a very satisfactory start at Stafford, with Southport to follow.

For many years Herr Meyer Lutz doubled the parts of conductor of the Gaiety orchestra and, during the season, of the band at the Scarborough Spa. His son, Mr. W. A. Lutz, has recently opened at the head of his London orchestra at the Exhibition, also at Scarborough. We shall all be glad to see Herr Meyer Lutz "wielding the baton" at Terry's Theatre next month.

SOME ICELANDIC FEATURES.

Weird subterranean forces characterise the island home of the Vikings on the Arctic fringe. The earth's crust may be thinner in Iceland than elsewhere—that is a mere matter for scientists. Subterranean energies, at all events, make themselves felt more acutely. The end of August witnessed the severest earthquakes known in the island since 1784.

The snow-clad cone of Hekla was once more the centre of disturbances, which caused the ruin of a number of the little wooden churches and quaint farmsteads that are sparsely scattered over the interior. An eruption of the famous volcano—not, by the way, the greatest, although the best-known of Iceland's volcanoes—was regarded as imminent. So Hekla

was itself again; although it is possible that, as has happened before, the mountain has taken credit for the eccentricities of its neighbours. For Hekla almost invariably obtains the credit for all the volcanic disturbances in the south-west corner of Iceland. This is not surprising, since, to the outside world, it is the only peak of note in the island. Yet in modern times the eruptions of this famous mountain have been few. Some months ago, when the writer stood on its summit at sunrise and gazed into the old crater, which, like its modern competitor, opened during the last eruption in the mountain-side, was half-filled with snow, there was not the slightest sign of volcanic life. To all appearances, except for the vast barren tracts of lava that cover square miles of the country round, the volcano had been extinct since the Deluge.

Viewed from the sea as the visitor approaches Iceland, Hekla is somewhat disappointing. The vast glaciers of the Vatna Jokull and the more imposing ice-peaks to the south detract from its grandeur. But, as one approaches from the west through the interior, across the level, grassy plain, the conical mountain, with its three miniature peaks, snow-clad and partially enveloped in a filmy cloud-mantle, is imposing enough. From the little farmstead of Naefhrölt at its base preparations are made for the ascent. The worthy "bonder" of Naefhrölt is a noted guide, and long years of practice searching for scattered flocks among the scanty pastures on the outlying heights have given him the eye of a hawk and the activity of his own mountain-sheep. Living on the fringe of a volcano, he is ever ready to take action on the least threat of an outbreak that may devastate his farmstead, as so many have been laid waste before. He can tell many a tale of "false alarms," when flocks were hurriedly gathered on the mountain-side to seek a place of safety.

The "bonder" received us hospitably, as an Icelander always does. He was somewhat surprised at our request for his immediate services, for in the course of his experience no traveller had before ascended the mountain at night. But Hekla is not formidable, and in any case in mid-July there is a little daylight left even at midnight; and the cynic of our party declared that, as Hekla was under no circumstances worth ascending, our only possible excuse could be the sunrise. Still, a fortnight's sickness was not a good preparation for our guide's journey, and, until thoughts of "kröner" overcame him, he was inclined to demur. Then Johannes, his son, went out to saddle ponies, and we partook of the hospitality of an Iceland farm.

The sturdy little ponies, only twelve hands high, but with heart



AN ICELAND FARM.

enough for a cavalry charger, carry us at a quick, shambling trot over the rugged track, with a supreme disregard for all obstacles. Then we wend our way up the hillside to the plateau on the west of Hekla. The scanty verdure here and there is patronised by our "bonder's" sheep, and on the way we notice a turf-built hut, where in winter-time they are often huddled for days together to avoid the stress of the fearful snowstorms that sweep these heights. Soon we are upon the lava tracts, and across two miles of devastated area our ponies pick their way among huge blocks of lava, or sink knee-deep in volcanic dust.

Leaving our ponies with the boy, we scramble over heart-breaking rocks and masses of lava for some distance before reaching the snow-drifts that extend to the summit. Afterwards our way is smooth over the hard-frozen snow of the mountain-side, and a steep climb is before us. On the way we pass the modern crater, the scene of the last eruption, twenty years ago. It is tiring work, but, as mountaineering goes, mere child's-play, although the novice looking back down the precipitous mountain-side is apt to think it a trifle dangerous. And now, as we near the summit, our labour is rewarded, for in the North-East a roseate glow betokens the sunrise and the snow-peaks flash in the morning light, which is reflected around on the mountain-tops. And, as the sun rises majestic above the horizon, the vast shadow of Hekla is cast upon the gloom of the valley beneath.

The view from the summit is striking. In the distance are bare, brown volcanic ridges or vast snowy barriers. Seawards, the islands of



AN ERUPTION OF STROKR.



HEKLA FROM THE WEST.

the Westmannœ group rise gaunt and precipitous from the ocean, a testimony to volcanic force in bygone ages. And here and there, dotted at wide intervals on the plain before us, are the bright-green patches that denote a farmstead. Villages there are none, and, save for the occasional farm, the whole area around is a bleak, desolate waste. Truly, a land of mystery and hidden agencies of Nature.

Some seventy miles away across the mountains is the plain of Hankadalr, the scene of another of these mysterious forces, where the geyser testifies to the subterranean agencies at work. Many of the hot springs that now bubble up in the mere pools have been active in their day, and in the neighbourhood of the Great Geyser are several that have "spouted" in recent times. The Strokr is the most famous. Until quite recently this geyser was the solace of travellers who failed to witness an eruption of its greater neighbour. A few sods of earth, cast down the funnel into the churning waters below, always resulted in a display within a few minutes. But the sods of earth choked it in time, and to-day a grating over the top is a mark of fallen fame; this smaller geyser no longer works, except after a long interval, on the mere invitation of a casual tourist.

But an enterprising American discovered that the Great Geyser might be urged into action by the simple expedient of casting soap into its capacious depths. Having thrown twenty pounds of soap into the pool and seen it sink into the tube, patience alone is necessary. And, after an hour or so, rumblings are heard, and, with a roar, a dense column of water is cast into the air—some eighty feet—by the indignant geyser, which for ten minutes at least protests in continual spouts against the modern indignity to which it has been subjected.

"MONTE CARLO," AT THE AVENUE THEATRE.

Photographs by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

LITTLE JEMIMA (MISS LALOR SHIEL), AND SIR BENJAMIN CURRIE
(MR. CHARLES ROCK).

The new musical comedy "Monte Carlo," which was produced at the Avenue Theatre on the 27th ult., seems to have come to stay for some time. If only for the appearance of Miss Lalor Shiel as Little Jemima, it would be very funny. Little Jemima is a daring creation, and Miss Shiel wisely plays it for all it is worth. The least attempt to gloss over its audacity, to veneer its vulgarity, would be to kill the character, and Miss Shiel plays with a thoroughness which has made it the talk of the town. She must be a shrewd perceivver of the angularities, physical and mental, of 'Arriet, and a faultless mimic. Latterly she has had, perhaps, exceptional facilities for studying the eccentricities of East-End femininity, as she has been playing principal soubrette parts for eighteen months past at the Britannia, under the management of Mrs. Sara Lane.

An impression prevails that Miss Lalor Shiel is an importation from the variety stage, but she only appeared at the music-halls—the Trocadero and the Alhambra—for a brief while some eight years ago, and was soon back on the regular stage. Oddly enough, by one of life's little ironies, the actress who is now making the West-End of the town laugh with her boldly painted picture of the pet of the East, played for several years on tour the most pathetic boys' parts, notably the picturesquesque mass of looped and windowed raggedness, Jo, and the luckless Chickweed in "Lost in London." She has also played principal boys in pantomime, her first essay in this direction being Aladdin, at the Theatre Royal, Hull, in 1890, and she has played Adrienne Lecouvreur! Miss Shiel, who is a grandniece of the Lalor Shiel whose eloquence and humour were once the delight of the House of Commons, made her first appearance as Willie Carlyon in "East Lynne," with Miss Maggie Morton's company, at Presteigne, in Radnorshire, when she was twelve. Despite her varied experience, she remains a very nervous first-nighter, and when "Monte Carlo" was produced, what with apprehension lest the audience should not take to so audacious a young person as Little Jemima, and a dread lest her obstinate Cork brogue should bob up in her Cockney dialect, she says that she could hardly feel the stage as she danced and sang her way, as it proved, into the goodwill of the audience. Little Jemima is the first broad character-part which Miss Shiel has played, but the public have promptly taken the quaint creation into high favour.



LITTLE JEMIMA.



LITTLE JEMIMA.

SEPT. 23, 1896

THE SKETCH.

367



MISS LALOR SHIEL IN PRIVATE LIFE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MAYALL AND CO., LTD., PICCADILLY



GENERAL BOOMERANG (MR. ERIC LEWIS), AND MRS. CARTHUE
(MISS LOTTIE VENNE).



SUZANNE (MISS EMMIE OWEN), AND JAMES (MR. E. W. GARDEN).



FRED DORIAN (MR. R. GREEN), AND DOROTHY (MISS KATE CUTLER).



SIR BENJAMIN CURRIE AND THE GELATINES (MISSES BELFRY).



PROFESSOR LORRIMER (MR. ROBB HARWOOD).



DOROTHY.



CAPTAIN ROSSITER (MR. W. H. KEMBLE), AND HIS GUESTS.



THE GENERAL, MRS. CARTHEW, AND JAMES.



FRANÇOIS (MR. EDWARD ESPINOSA).



SIR BENJAMIN CURRIE.



SUZANNE AND JAMES.



HARRY VERINDER (MR. VANE TEMPEST), AND ETHEL (MISS HETTIS LUND).

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



"DARE I?"



*She's a little London mouse in the Highlands shooting grouse,
Like the ladies in the tales of Mr. Black;
But she thinks a keeper's hovel is delightful—in a novel,
So the town will very shortly see her back.*



FAIR BRITON : What sort of a man is that Mr. Bighead you 've been talking to ?

FAIR AMERICAN : Well, he 's the sort of man that stands on his dignity so much that his feet hurt him.

LUCKY DOGS AT HOME.

Photographs by Russell and Sons, Wimbled n.

A sultry July Sunday morning, with Earl's Court Station filled with a well-dressed crowd awaiting trains, and all on pleasure bent, might have convinced any foreigner present that some English people at least are able to appreciate amusements on that day as well as their Continental neighbours, but for the enjoyment of that particular Sunday morning, I, personally, yield the palm to none. A thirty minutes' run brought me to Wimbledon Station, and from thence a short uphill drive to the haven where I would be, The Dairy, the Common, the site of Mr. J. S. Pybus-Sellon's magnificent bulldog kennels, where are housed, with every possible comfort and luxury, over thirty of the finest animals that ever gladdened a dog-lover's heart, all owned and bred by Mr. Pybus-Sellon himself.

Mr. Sellon commenced his career as an owner and breeder of bulldogs in 1881, with the purchase of Doña Sol and her smaller sister Maritana, both by Champion Gamester out of Gypsy Queen, a noted daughter of Champion Sancho Panza. That celebrated dog King Cole was soon added to his kennels, from whom, out of Doña Sol, he bred Dahlia, the mother of Dandelion, and, out of Maritana, Lady Disdain, the mother of that celebrated trio, Don Salano, Stockwell, and Doña Disdain.

Among other famous dogs bred by Mr. Pybus-Sellon are Champion Royal George, Champion Queen Mab (considered by her owner to be the best animal he has ever bred), Belladonna, Diomed, Dahlia, Mischief, King Cole Junior, Daffodil, Champion Datholite, Champion Dryad, Dandelion, the phenomenal Champion Dockleaf, Champion Dolores, also the two who promise to have a longer, as they are sure to have a no less victorious, career before them than Dockleaf had, Champion Dimboola and Donax.

Champion Dimboola may be said to possess every coveted bulldog point in perfection. He has a grand head, combined with perfect fore-arms, chest, and shoulders. He has an immense nose, well-laid back,

out of Dextrine. He is as yet scarcely in his prime, having been born on April 13, 1893, but has already scored several championship awards, first and special prizes without number, and challenge cups.

Donax, by Champion Dockleaf out of Doña Disdain, made his first appearance on the show-bench at the Crystal Palace Show in October of last year, and created a tremendous sensation when he was brought by Mr. Sellon into the ring. He is generally considered by "the fancy" to be the best all-round bulldog seen for some time, the squareness of his skull, the perfect formation of his under-jaw, and his splendid finish being a treat to observe. His wrinkles are magnificent. In colour he is a fallow-smut. Both these dogs are as lively as kittens, and thoroughly enjoy running, leaping, or anything in the shape of play. Mr. Pybus-Sellon's kennels are, like his dogs, to be beaten by none in England. Each is a lofty and roomy compartment, giving space for plenty of freedom of movement, and containing an ordinary wooden kennel placed on the cement floor; the sides and front of each is of crimson enamelled iron bars, and over each door is affixed the name of its fortunate occupant in letters of gold on a plaque of royal blue. These compartments are arranged in two rows, facing each other, with plenty of space between. Besides these ideal kennels, these lucky dogs are provided with a covered yard for exercise in bad weather, an outdoor one which opens on to the Common itself, a hospital for sick or ailing dogs, special puppy-runs, and many other luxuries which space forbids me to mention. Mr. Pybus-Sellon is an enthusiastic lover of bulldogs, and one has only to be a few minutes in his kennels to see the affection with which his splendid animals regard him. For eight

years he was honorary secretary to the Bulldog Club, and he is not only well acquainted with every famous specimen of his favourite breed in England, but he has been through all the noted kennels



CHAMPION DIMBOOLA.



DONAX.



DONAX.



CHAMPION DIMBOOLA.

a wide under-jaw, and does not show a single tooth. His eyes are perfect both in shape and placement, and his hind-quarters are equally good. He weighs 44 lb., and his colour is fallow pied. He is by Stockwell

of Australia, New Zealand, and the United States. He has been invited to judge bulldogs at the Grand Dog Show to be held in New York in February of next year.

"CYMBELINE."

"Cymbeline" is one of the plays which Dr. Simon Forman, the astrologer, saw somewhere about the year 1610. Presumably the stars

Woodward, who produced Shakspere's "Cymbeline" for his benefit in the season 1745-46, with Ryan as Posthumus and Mrs. Pritchard as



MISS LAURA ADDISON AS IMOGEN
"So far, I read aloud."



MRS. WELLS AS IMOGEN.
"Ho! No answer? Then I'll enter."



MR. POPE AS LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.
"Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee."

did not interest themselves in such trifles as theatrical history and Shakspelian criticism, so Dr. Forman, instead of being guided to tell us who played Imogen, or Posthumus, or Iachimo, confined himself to the futile recording of the plot of the play! Oddly enough, for the first authentic record of the production of the play we are indebted to Theophilus Cibber, the disreputable son of old Colley, and the last man on earth to whom we should look for refinement of taste. Yet he appears to have been the first actor, after the Restoration, who had the sense to produce Shakspere's play instead of Tom D'Urfey's mutilation of it, which was called "The Injured Princess." This we gather from two circumstances: one, that Theo's sister, Charlotte Charke, in her autobiography mentions "Cymbeline" as one of her brother's productions at the Haymarket in 1744; and the other, that Theo in his famous challenge to Garrick mentions Leonatus as one of the characters which he is prepared to play in competition with Roscius. Now, in D'Urfey's play, Leonatus Posthumus becomes Ursaces, so that Theo must have been thinking of Shakspere's Posthumus.

Theo Cibber's example seems to have fired

Imogen. Next comes Garrick himself as Posthumus—a marvellously fine performance, regarding which the *Dramatic Censor* of 1770 says that the great actor's astonishing talents were never more happily exerted than in Posthumus. Francis Gentleman, the author whom I have just quoted, winds up his criticism by saying, "Mr. Bensley has since done it. Ha! ha! ha!"

Once fairly known to the actors, "Cymbeline" soon became a popular play for benefits. The reason for this is not far to seek, for the piece is full of capital acting-parts—Posthumus, Iachimo, and Imogen being all of them most effective characters, while even the subordinate personages are theatrically valuable. Accordingly we find a long list of players who distinguished themselves, more or less, in the various characters. Of representatives of Posthumus between 1767 and 1825, we may mention John Philip Kemble, Charles Kemble, Henderson, Bannister, Holman, and Pope, whose portrait we give. This last-named actor was a man of considerable natural powers, and the possessor especially of a beautiful voice; but he was a notorious lover of good living, and his powers decayed before he left the stage. It



MISS M. TREE AS IMOGEN.



MR. POPE AS LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.



MR. KEAN AS LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.



MR. HULL AS PISANIO.

is of him that the story is told of his leaving the table in the middle of a dinner-party, and declining to return, for the reason that someone cut a *fricandeau* with a knife instead of using a spoon. Pope declared that he would not sit down with a person who did such a dreadful thing, and went off home in a state of righteous indignation.

One other representative of Posthumus belonging to this period may be mentioned—poor Reddish, who ended his days in a madhouse. His last appearance was made in the character of Posthumus in May 1779, by which time his mind had quite given way. All the way to the theatre, in the green-room, and at the wings, he was possessed with the idea that he was going to play Romeo, and his friends were in terror that he would begin with a speech of Romeo's. However, they pushed him on to the stage, and when he saw the audience his eye lighted up, his recollection seemed to return, and he went through his part in finer style than ever he had done in his best days. Between the acts the idea of Romeo

possessed him again; but, as soon as he heard his cue and came before the audience, he was Leonatus Posthumus, and so played splendidly to the end.

During the same period Iachimo was played by William Smith ("Gentleman" Smith, as he was nicknamed), plausible Jack Palmer, George Frederick Cooke, and Charles Mayne Young, with whom the part was a favourite one. The most noted representative of Pisanio was old Hull, who was, however, more distinguished as the founder of the Covent Garden Fund than as an actor.

Of Imogens there were many. The tragic actresses—Mrs. Barry, Mrs. Yates, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Pope, Miss Younge, Miss Smith—all played it. Even such comedians as Mrs. Jordan tried the part. She had, of course, in her earliest days played serious and sentimental characters as well as comic, so that she probably acquitted herself fairly well; but it is interesting to notice that, on the first occasion she played Imogen in London (November 1785), she acted Priscilla Tomboy in "The Romp" as an after-piece. An even lighter lady, Mrs. Wells, essayed Imogen at Covent Garden in the same season, with indifferent success. There is an interesting print of her in the part, which is reproduced.

In the succeeding generation of actors, both Edmund Kean and Macready were excellent representatives of Leonatus Posthumus. Kean first acted it in January 1823, during the famous struggle between himself and Charles Mayne Young, when Young came over to Drury Lane to play with Kean and to try conclusions with him. On this occasion he acted Iachimo, but seems to have been quite overcome by the Posthumus of the evening. Macready appears to have liked the character, for he played it frequently, and was fairly successful in it.

The two actresses of still more recent times whose portraits are given, Maria Tree and Laura Addison, were both famous in Imogen; while no account, however imperfect, of the production of the play could possibly omit the mention of Lady Martin's charming representation of Imogen. To some of us, too, pleasant recollections remain of Miss Wallis's splendid playing of this beautiful part.



IACHIMO DISARMED.



IMOGEN IN THE CAVE.

MISS FANNY WENTWORTH.

No bird on the wing is more elusive than Miss Fanny Wentworth, who is one day winning golden opinions in the North, and the next delighting the people of the South. If there should happen to be any readers of *The Sketch* (writes a representative) who do not know who Miss Fanny Wentworth is, a very unlikely supposition, let it be said that she is an entertainer who has been severally styled the female Corney Grain, the female George Grossmith, and these twain in petticoats—a description which may define her method, but not her mode, for, though perhaps an imitator in one sense, she is far too individual to be so styled with any degree of accuracy.

But, since this brightly humorous and entertaining little lady is in town, we will find out what she has to say, and to that end waylay her at her home.

Miss Wentworth has not long been back from an American tour, so our talk naturally turns to the Americans, and my hostess tells me what a good time she had out there; but she adds, "I did only short sketches in the States, and when I give my full entertainment, which lasts two hours, and my longer pieces, I shall have them put into the American language."

"But, I say, surely that is not necessary? Americans don't have to translate for us?"

A merry laugh prefaces an explanation. "To show you how necessary I will tell you a little incident. You know 'The Tin Gee-Gee'? Well, I had to give that little song a note of introduction, and explain what a gee-gee was. It was rather odd, for I came over with a host of Americans on the steamer, who were to a man going to the Derby; and one night on board I sang that song. When it was over, two or three Americans came and asked me what a tin gee-gee was. Some of them thought it was a bicycle, and, of course, the 'two-and-three' had no meaning for them, and had to become a half-dollar and four cents. But that is not all. A lady, who had enjoyed the song immensely, thought it was a pity I was blasphemous, supposing I had used a sacred name, coupled with tin, which it turned out was an American equivalent for an enlarged head. Of course, this sort of thing is funny; but it must take a good deal from the effect of my songs."

"Were you long in America?"

"Some time. I appeared in immense halls—they do have them big over there; but my monster house was during a record tour I made with Loïe Fuller. By the way, what a dear little woman she is! Well, when we got to Chicago, and I saw the Auditorium, where we were to appear, I asserted my sex in true feminine fashion: I sat down and cried. The vastness of the place overpowered me: it was a pedestrian expedition to walk right down that stage; but La Loïe assured me it would be all right. And so it was; but I never was more nervous. It was a lovely house for sound; but I had to speak very deliberately and make each word distinct, to get my effects."

"A record tour you called it; why record?"

"Well, we were on the 'cars' about twenty hours out of the twenty-four. That, I think, establishes its claim to the title."

"Do the audiences vary much in the halls in America?"

"No, I think not; but a quaint thing happened in relation to a friend—an American, of course—out there. She wanted very much to see me in my little sketch, but to my invitation turned a deaf ear, saying, 'I have been in mourning ten months for my father, and must see the year out in black before I go to a theatre.' Meeting her a few days later, she was in a state of ecstatic worship of a new Romeo, a divine singer, whom she had been to see three times in one week; but I urged, 'You would not come to see me; where's the difference?' Grand opera she declared to be half-mourning. Deliciously American, wasn't it?"

"When are we going to see you in London again?" I ask. "You have a new programme, and are ready for the fray?"

"Yes, that's so; but there is nothing breathless in the desire of the London managers to secure my services, and even if there were, just now it would be all the same, for I am very busy provincially and socially."

"Do you like entertaining in 'high society'?"

"Very much; you have no idea what a good audience I get at private parties, and sometimes my bullets hit the billet in a manner as surprising as embarrassing. I remember only this year I was in Norfolk to entertain the guests at a country house where the Duke and Duchess of York were staying. I gave my new sketch, 'A Burlesque Up to Date.' In it I described how you must put a parson in the play, and, for choice, a bishop, and then the Lord Chamberlain will interfere, and there will be a splendid advertisement for nothing. The laughter which followed puzzled me. When the entertainment was over, Lord Carrington came to me, and asked me if I knew that he was the interfering Lord Chamberlain who unfrocked the parson in 'The Gaiety Girl' burlesque and made him into a medico. That sketch, by the way, is, I think, one of the best I have had. It was written by Mr. R. Lindo, and I put it to music. Out of the many dozens of sketches which have been submitted to me, it was the only one which broke new ground."

"Are you doing any imitations?" I ask, "for I am sure you are a good mimic?"

"Imitations are very dear to the public; they need not be like the people they are supposed to imitate. One of my most successful is an imitation of Yvette Guilbert imitating an English singer in 'Her Golden Hair was Hanging Down her Back,' the most pronouncedly French accent

you ever heard. Then one must do Hayden Coffin, Letty Lind, Eugène Stratton, and May Yohe; but what has really been one of my best achievements is the methods of various composers—Mozart, Chopin, Liszt, Gounod—applied to ‘Her Golden Hair.’ And it is here that I have gained the warmest praise from real musicians, who, in general, are somewhat difficult to please.”

“Do you find that, as a general rule, the provincial audience differs very much from that of London?” is my next question.

“Two hours, with, of course, intervals. I shall try and arrange to give the full entertainment in London before 1896 dies. I don’t get tired—you see, I had a long training. Prima-donna work in the provinces is not light, and I have had a good deal of it. I was on tour in ‘Falka’ and ‘Carmen Up to Date.’ With the latter I toured abroad, and I have a curious collection of notices in various languages—Hungarian, Roumanian, French, Dutch, German, and Italian. These recall a great many interesting reminiscences to my mind.”



MISS FANNY WENTWORTH.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

“Not really, but in some little matters. For instance, in my ‘Up-to-Date At-Home’ I give imitations of French and German singers. Well, in the Northern and Midland towns, I found that I had to first sing in my own voice, for, although I explained that I was giving an imitation of a French singer, the gallery did not seem to ‘catch on,’ and they were quite prepared to credit me with the very squeak that made the point of my fun.”

“How long does your entertainment last? I mean, of course, when you give it in full.”

And then we fell to talking about the fare at the theatres at the present time, and Miss Wentworth is as various as enthusiastic in her appreciations, having a kind word for everybody. An apprenticeship to the stage makes her keen on good acting, and her humour, which is the last word of alertness, allows nothing to escape her. As she sits in her pleasant room, her head, with its bright-gold hair, well defined against a background of tawny yellow, her brown eyes eager and full of fun, it is not difficult to realise that she has found the British public easy to subdue.

THE ART OF THE DAY.

Messrs. Landeker, Lee, and Brown, of Worship Street, E.C., have ready for publication a reproduction in photogravure of Mr. Sydney Muschamp's "A Proposal," which appears also in this column. The



A PROPOSAL.—SYDNEY MUSCHAMP.
Exhibited at the Royal Society of British Artists.

picture was hung at last year's Winter Exhibition of the Royal Society of British Artists. The subject is a pleasantly domestic one, very cleverly treated. The proposal is being read out by an elderly lady seated in her arm-chair, while the girl, the object of the letter, stands, with a suspicion of defiance, hat in hand, beside a piano. The reproduction is really admirable, and shows very agreeably the simple composition and the intelligent treatment of the shadow and sunlight in the original.

This is the season for picture discoveries, and one is bound to admit that so far the harvest has been a rather remarkable one. The recently discovered Botticelli, "La Pallade," now in the Pitti Palace at Florence, is, at all events, something by itself in the nature of a triumph. It is here reproduced. A writer in the *St. James's Budget* gives a long and interesting account of the discovery. It is clear that the picture was not unknown, as in 1842 it was included in a set of pictures from the public galleries of the Pitti, engraved and published by Frosinetti and Spagnoli. But if it was known to the few, it was concealed from the many, and when last year an English artist, Mr. W. Spence, recognised its worth and was the means of making it known, it burst upon the world as a new discovery. A painting of Botticelli's, supposed to have been lost sight of, is spoken of by Vasari in the second volume of his translated work thus, "He executed various works in the Medici Palace for the elder Lorenzo, more particularly a figure of Pallas on a shield wreathed with vine branches, whence flames are proceeding—this he painted of the size of life." The newly found picture, as this writer points out, certainly represents a Pallas "of the size of life." She is clad in a white dress, with a mantle draped from her shoulder, one hand holding a halberd, the other grasping the hair of a centaur—two figures, noble and beautiful, such as Botticelli painted at his best. The sadness in the face of Pallas seems to connect her with the men and women of whom Pater has said that they are "saddened perpetually by the shadow upon them of the great things from which they shrink."

The present writer, not having had the privilege of seeing the original picture, is perforce compelled to fall back upon the description of the writer already mentioned for some notion of its colour. The picture, it appears, is painted in undertones, "with that soft luminousness which only undertones can produce—a shining through of the light as behind something. The dress of the goddess is white, subdued to tones of sad greens and faded pinks—very delicate, like the colour of a wood anemone; it falls in soft folds, through which we see the outline of her finely formed limbs. Scattered over this garment is the device of the Medici, three or sometimes four interlaced rings, a sapphire set in gold. These form an overlapping design round the opening of her throat, while one massive ring of the same pattern fastens together the grey-green olive-branches on her breast. The olive clings about her wrists and her waist, and creeps up the long tresses of her hair. Round one shoulder is cast a rich green mantle, fastened like the dress with sprays of olives twisted into spirals, and from under one shoulder a narrow red line of drapery curves to the hip and introduces the iridescent note to show that the brush of the painter, for all its subduing, had once been dipped in the hues of the rainbow."

The second picture sensation of the season is ventilated in *Truth*, whose traveller in the Engadine casually observes that the most curious thing connected with that picturesque quarter of the globe is

"a picture"—and one, too, of no mean fame, none other, that is, than the Sistine Madonna of the Dresden Gallery. Who would suppose, he asks, that the Dresden version is a copy, and that the original hangs in the Hotel Badruth at St. Moritz? Yet M. Gaspar Badruth not only does suppose so, but has taken the pains to write a long and exhaustive work in demonstration of this interesting fact. The Badruth history of the picture is a somewhat complex narrative, but an attempt is made to trace the work through several owners until 1882, when it was supposed to be lying at the Palazzo Pentatoire. Six years later, now the property of M. Badruth's father, it was sent to Augsburg to be cleaned and restored, in the course of which the heads were untouched.

M. Gaspar Badruth, on the other hand, maintains that the Dresden "Madonna" is a copy of the picture in his possession. According to this story, in the year 1543 the picture belonged to Duke Hercule of Ferrara, who was asked for it by Pope Paul III.; Duke Hercule, however, presented a copy to the Pope and kept the original, and the Pope, in presenting what he thought to be the original to the Benedictines of San Sisto, really presented them with the copy. The weak link of the chain is here evident. How do we know that the Duke did not give away the original and keep a copy that he had had made? It is impossible to say. This much, however, seems certain, that one picture is a copy of the other, and that, in 1892, Professor Woermann, Director of the

Dresden Gallery, agreed that the pictures should, for the space of one hour, be placed in private side by side, but that the public should not be admitted. It appears that M. Badruth declined to accept the permission under this condition. And so the matter for the present rests.



THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED BOTTICELLI, "LA PALLADE."
Now in the Pitti Palace, Florence.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE MADDEST, MERRIEST DAY.

BY MARY HOWARTH.

I shall never be friends again with roses.—SWINBURNE.

"And, Mrs. Pringle, please see that the fowl is tender. The last flew right off the table on to Mr. Willoughby's lap when I attempted to carve it. I should not like anything so displeasing to happen in Lady Allan's presence."

Mrs. Pringle from her humble post at the half-opened door, through which a bitter wind attacked the curate's feet as he sat at breakfast, performed one portion of her toilette which she favoured more than any other. It consisted of passing the moistened first two fingers of her left hand over the left-hand side of her highly polished, neatly brushed hair. The right-hand side she cruelly neglected; it was the left that absorbed her. It was not her way to speak; she merely waited for what she called "horders."

"A little pastry, please," continued the curate, "and from Glover's, Mrs. Pringle. Hart's is cheaper, but it is not so good, and I want Lady Allan's first visit to me to be a—a pleasant one. That is all, thank you."

Mrs. Pringle withdrew.

"There must be roses," muttered Charlie Price, searching for a slip of paper from his writing-table. He made a list of things for himself to see after. Upon it figured roses, olives, champagne, green Chartreuse, and chocolates, bananas, and grapes. Roses and chocolates were written very conspicuously, and underlined thrice. "It doesn't look much like roses here, at any rate," his joyful heart observed as he strode across the dirty road to take matins at church, and, with the habit of summer days and "whites," thrust his hands in his trousers pockets and lifted his rusty black garment as far as he could out of the ugly mixture of old dirty snow and slush that lay heaped upon it. "But I must go down town and see after service. There must be roses." With anthem-like reiteration the phrase ran in his head, while the thoughts of his heart were thoughts of jubilant love, triumphant love, rosy, beautiful, splendid, enormous love.

There was a congregation of one in church—a pale girl in a rather shabby black gown and thick coat, whose cheap, gay hat was out of all keeping with the rest of her clothes, but became her refined prettiness vastly, and lent a look of holiday to her otherwise workaday toilette. This solitary worshipper did not relinquish her place in the first pew of the side aisle when the feverishly tinkling bell ceased and still she was alone. It was a well-known fact in Cottonhurst that the Rev. Charles Price never refrained from reading the service even when there was no congregation attendant. The young ladies of the place adored him for it. Their mothers thought it very praiseworthy, but rather ridiculous. The indignation of the half-dozen choir-boys was very real. Since Edna Grant had become one of the junior teachers in the National Schools, however, Mr. Price had never wanted a fellow-worshipper. She was a regular attendant at St. Nonita's whatever the weather might be. Charlie Price had got to look for her and to give her a nod and a smile if they met outside afterwards. Sometimes, indeed, he had gone so far as to walk with her to the schools, where he had to officiate every morning in his clerical capacity, but of this politeness he made no practice. There were tongues to wag in Cottonhurst, and he, as a curate, was obliged to be more than ordinarily careful.

Upon this particular morning he made haste to disrobe, and ran past Miss Grant just outside the church.

"I shall see you later," he cried. "I am off into the town to buy roses."

Edna Grant walked on, to outward appearance the heavily weighted, responsible infants' teacher she was, but in reality a being radiant with glory. She had seen the new moon over her right shoulder the night before, out in the open, and had fallen upstairs as she went to bed. Though she was sufficiently emancipated to laugh at such superstitions in company, she was not above drawing their significance when overcome with emotion, and particularly when they were to her advantage, in private. She looked round about her with new eyes. Cottonhurst, she thought, was very dreary, and life itself a long toil; but it might be that there was a change before her—that she should taste of the sweets of existence, and for her monotonous, lonely life receive in exchange something humanised by another's companionship and love. Her eyes took an upward gaze, her face was lifted to the wind of heaven; there was a new and happy light in it when she entered the school-room, after removing her pretty hat and her serviceable, commonplace cape.

Meanwhile the curate made his "marketings," as the poor people in Cottonhurst expressed shopping. He directed the champagne, green Chartreuse, the olives, the grapes, and the bananas to be sent up to his rooms, but the chocolate and the roses he carried himself. He had found the roses an expensive item. The woman in the florist's shop told him it was a wonder there were any at all at that season of the year. Nevertheless, he was not to be cajoled into buying out of blind gratitude to his luck, and each one of the blossoms passed an examination, consisting of a sharp shake, before he added it to his bunch. In his Oxford days he would have despised himself for such caution. Cottonhurst had taught him to be frugal.

He arrived in the infants' schoolroom with the flowers in his hand and one stuck in his coat. The children smiled. The big blossom

looked ridiculous right in the middle of a regulation clerical coat. Charles Price smiled back at them. Then he drew from his handful a lovely damask bud and presented it to Miss Grant.

"I am sure," he said, "you care for flowers."

The girl's cheeks matched the blossom he had given her.

He picked his way home through a freshly fallen layer of sleety snow, and forthwith arranged his flowers in the vases he had at his command.

Mrs. Pringle was laying the cloth, evidently under the threatening prescience of cold, for she sniffed considerably during the operation. She also appeared to harbour downhearted views as to the sanity of her lodger, and at each fresh movement of his big frame in her creaking arm-chair, glanced at him furtively from beneath her brows. It was with ostentation that she placed on the sideboard a glass dish, weighed down and running over with a plethora of pastry, to the lightness of which flakes fallen upon every side bore ample testimony, while the manner in which she settled the table-cloth at the corners betrayed her absolute satisfaction with herself in every particular.

Charles Price was beyond all these distractions. He was absorbed in the perusal of the letter that had changed the ordinary prosaic tenor of his life into the maddest, merriest day. He read the following—

MY DEAR CHARLES,—I have so often promised to come and see you, and have never done so, that you will not believe me again, I fear. But this time I am really not going to disappoint you. I am due to stay with your Aunt Charlotte to-morrow afternoon, and shall take you *en route*. Expect me to lunch at 1.30. I shall bring Mamie with me.—With love, I am your affectionate aunt,

MARIA ALLAN.

Just before the half-hour Price ran upstairs to his room. His heart beat so furiously at the thought of Mamie that he could barely bring himself to part his hair properly, and, having unparted it, was in a sad plight to get it presentable when Mrs. Pringle tapped at the door.

"Lady Allan, sir," said she, and Price's hour had come.

Pantingly he made his toilet and rushed downstairs. He opened the door of his room and his searching eye took in his aunt, voluminously clad in velvet and furs, in whose arms he was speedily and rapturously enfolded.

"My dear boy!" he heard her murmur, as she permitted him to extricate himself from her embrace.

Again he searched the room. This time his gaze dwelt upon a singularly ugly little girl, who stood with a broad grin on her plain face, and an outstretched hand.

"This is Mamie," said Lady Allan; "Clement's little daughter, you know. I said I would bring her."

Price took the child's hand and limply held it for an instant in his ere he dropped it. It seems absurd to say it, but his disappointment was so keen that for the moment he almost lost consciousness.

He nearly stuttered out something about having expected Mamie Allan, his aunt's step-daughter, instead of this Mamie; but the words didn't come, and the next moment he found himself wondering whether he had said them. He came to the quick conclusion that he had not when he was aware that his aunt was speaking.

"What an overpowering scent of flowers!" she was saying.

"Yes," he stammered; and as he spoke he took the largest bowl of roses from the table, and, before Lady Allan could protest, had opened the window and emptied them out on to the gravel of the small garden beneath.

"What a waste!" the lady remarked, pursing her lips in annoyance. Then the miserable party sat down to lunch.

The necessity for signs of hospitality roused Price to a sense of duty. He carved the chicken, to her testimony of whose tenderness Mrs. Pringle bore witness with many deprecatory and ill-used sniffs; he even cut up for the child her portion, and he dispensed champagne. But while his aunt was charmed with everything and reiterated her delight upon all points, Price was horribly, unutterably disillusioned.

This meeting with Mamie Allan he had looked upon as a certainty. She had promised that she would come when last he stayed at his aunt's, if she could bring herself to consider a question he had put to her. So when the letter from his aunt arrived he felt certain Mamie had consented to be his wife. And now—well, there was all the horror of suspense and all the pit-like misery of a certainty of refusal to face.

"Clement and Annie are coming back from China in the summer," Lady Allan remarked, "and then, I suppose, I shall lose my little girl."

Clement's child was grinning more pronouncedly than ever in response to a smile of set purpose from Lady Allan. Charles Price observed, with an inward shrug of disgust, that the creature had lost the upper teeth in the front of her mouth, and that when her lip was drawn above in the intensity of her grin she showed an unsightly gap.

"She is very like Clement," he observed somewhat unkindly. He had never liked his cousin.

"You could say nothing that would please her more," her grandmother replied proudly. "She is devoted to her father, is Clementina."

"And named after him?" asked Price.

"Yes, she bears her father's name, altered to suit a girl, of course. Poor Clem has no boys, you know."

Price wondered how long he could stand this kind of thing. Mad notions entered his head of excusing himself upon some ministering plea

He accordingly, in the flush of self-pity, brought out the box of chocolates he had bought, placed it in front of the still smiling Clementina, handed his aunt a parish magazine, and spoke—

"I am awfully sorry, you know, but I must leave you, Aunt Maria. It is—my day for opening the Infant School, you see."

He ran upstairs to his room and changed his coat, habit preventing him from committing the indiscretion of appearing in the street in his comfortable house-attire.

As he hastened to the Infant School he was fast developing the state of mind that brought him to so disastrous a position later. He had believed with such thoroughness in the turn Fortune was promising him, that now, with Fortune's back upon him, he was well-nigh mad. Already the ferment of disappointment was working in him to his own undoing. He was beginning to hate Mamie Allan with all the fervour with which he had that morning loved her. So the poor little schoolmistress gladdened in his presence, and the rose she wore was no redder than her happy, love-lit face. Charlie Price looked twice at it with open-eyed regard. He saw it sweet and lovable, even pretty, in its poor, half-starved repression.

When he returned, the child Clementina was slowly putting on a pair of small dogskin gloves. The effort seemed anxious, almost painful, and to assist it the child screwed her mouth into most unbecoming contortions, and painfully drew up first one long black-stockinged leg and then another. Lady Allan smilingly looked up from her parish magazine as he entered, and, observing Clementina's industry, inquired the reason for it.

"I am going to meet Mamie," said the child, not slackening her energy. "She said four o'clock at the station."

Once more Price's hopes bounded into joyousness. Mamie was coming, then. She had considered that question in his favour. For about the thousandth time in his life he anathematised the reticence that had led to so much suffering. Why had he agonised the past two hours, when a question put to Lady Allan must have elicited the fact that Mamie was coming after all?

"To think that I should have forgotten!" said his aunt. "Yes, of course, Mamie was going to Bradshaw for some shopping, and said she should come here on her way back. She mentioned something about tea." Lady Allan sighed as she spoke. The thought of tea was ever welcome to her. She called tea the meal she loved best of all those of the day.

A moment later Price and Clementina were running as fast as the small maid's legs permitted to the station. They went hand in hand, and Clement's daughter, who was really of an affectionate, clinging disposition, was fast learning to include Charlie Price among those she worshipped. Even Charlie could not withstand that humble reverence. He bent upon the adoring child many a look of glad tolerance as they hurried along.

"There she is!" announced Clementina, nodding in the direction of the refreshment-room when they reached the station, "and there is Captain Evans with her."

Price heard as in a dream. He had not expected to see his beloved one in a refreshment-room, and his wandering eyes had searched the platform vaguely, while Clementina, more practically, looked about for a hat trimmed with scarlet ostrich-plumes, and a rifle-green gown and coat. He followed the child's eyes, however, and there, through the window of the refreshment-room, he saw Mamie. She was drinking tea, and with her, sitting opposite to her, was a man, whose looks were those of a lover, and one in possession too.

Clementina dragged Price along, and Price followed, stunned and devoid of pain.

Mamie Allan rose as they entered the room with a glad cry.

"There you are," said she, "at last! I had quite given you up, and came with Captain Evans to have tea."

She introduced the two men, and Clementina deserted Price for the other, not without qualms and searchings on her part—for she was a child whose sense of loyalty was keen—but with the satisfaction, once she had taken the step, that she had done right. Captain Evans was the older friend.

"But, now, what shall we do?" asked Mamie, with pretty anxiety. "I suppose mamma is not here?"

"Aunt Maria is at my rooms," Price stammered. "We thought you would come up there for tea."

"Oh, I can't do that," the girl answered cruelly. Then she laughed. "My plans since this morning have been altered," she added. "I—I am—Captain Evans and I are engaged."

"Oh, Mamie," ejaculated Clementina, making a rapid dive at her cousin, "I am glad!"

Price stared at the floor. He saw a small brown beetle scudding along, and his own thick, clumped boots, and seedy trousers braced high, and, as well, turned up at his ankles.

"I had better go back and fetch Aunt Maria," he said in a dull, even voice, and therewith turned round and left the room.

Mamie sighed. "He is very odd," she said apologetically to her lover. Captain Evans laughed. He was on his way, hand in hand with Mamie the younger, to the bar, there to lay in a stock of pastry and cakes, according to an agreement he and she had made, with a show of great secrecy, while Price was examining the floor.

There was yet a little sense left in Price, and it he expended in writing a note to Lady Allan, which he sent by a cabman to his lodgings. Then he ran amuck. He was a person who had never been given to violent emotion; all the more, therefore, had the passion of his love for

Mamie Allan affected him. This day his passion had risen to a height of triumph; then it had been slapped in the face; then again it had been encouraged. Now the worst had happened to it and to him. Habit took him through the town homewards. Near the schools he met the little mistress, Edna Grant.

"It is a fine night," he said to her. "Come for a walk with me." So the two struck out across country together, over a field where there were brick-kilns, into a quiet lane. There was a fresh touch of frost in the air; the ground was crisp beneath their feet.

Charlie Price talked a lot of nonsense. He teased the girl because she wore the drooping rose upon her bosom.

"You couldn't love," he said. "You'd not know how to love. You that are cabin'd in your narrow life know nothing more important than the A B C of anything."

She turned a laughing, wondering face to him, not knowing how to reply.

"Do you think I could teach you?" he asked later, after he had babbled of roses and champagne, and blue skies, and other synonyms of passion. "If you think that, there may be hope."

She did think that. She was eager to tell him so. But at her first faltering words of acquiescence Price's manner changed. He turned completely off at a right angle from the girl, and jumped a ditch into a field over a low scrub hedge. "I cannot!" he screamed to her. "I am beyond teaching. Go back alone. I am in love, in love, I tell you, but not with Edna Grant!"

The girl fell to the ground with a bitter cry. Nevertheless, she got up after a while, and by rapid running arrived at her poor home early enough to excite no comment on her mother's part. On her way she lost her rose, yet not one pang of regret stung her for the deprivation of what had been to her an outward and visible sign of a delusion and a deceit, throughout that the great day of her great hope and greater disappointment.

Of Price there was a sadder ending. Price still ran amuck, and in his senseless rush that night he lighted on a poor cottage occupied only by a young woman, newly married, whose husband was a night-man on the railway that week. The woman was aggrieved at her lord's absence for the first time since their marriage, and frightened by her solitary position, for she had hitherto been one of a large family living in the town instead of in a solitary cot. Partly from real nervousness, and, therefore, in the belief that what she said was true, partly from a desire to pose as a woman with a remarkable and horrible experience, she circulated a terrible accusation against the curate next day. Mrs. Pringle, too, turned against him. It was known through her that he had not slept at home nor been seen near his lodgings since the afternoon before, and that previously he had been "strange in his manner." Therefore, when the wretched man was found later, lying face downwards in a weedy pond, miles away from Cottonhurst, quite dead, it was averred that remorse had led him to take his life.

Only the little schoolmistress knew better, and she never spoke. Her testimony would have been worthless—worse, indeed!

"I shall never be friends again with roses," was the sad, insistent cry of her shattered heart.

THE BALLAD OF THE PENNY 'BUS.

My lord may drive his spanking team
In tandem or as four-in-hand;
The tourist may rely on steam
To rush him madly through the land.
I envy neither of his brand;
And, never seeking to discuss
Why motor-cars are contraband,
I love my London penny 'bus.

The Africander seeks to dream
In crawling o'er the rugged Rand,
Awaking sometimes to blaspheme
His mule or plodding ox inspanned.
Perchance you're eager to command
The sledges of the swaddled Russ,
Or in a ricksha to be fanned:
I love my London penny 'bus.

Give me to breast the roaring stream
Of carts and growlers in the Strand;
To watch the nimble hansom gleam,
Or dodge a dray and bobby bland.
The Vestry urchins scatter sand
As if the Sovereign claimed the fuss,
And I, who am not great nor grand,
I love my London penny 'bus.

"'IGHER UP."
Conductor, weather-beat and tanned,
Shout "'igher up," and on with us!
I point no moral to be scanned;
I love my London penny 'bus.

"LORD TOM NODDY," AT THE GARRICK.

De disgustibus non est disputandum is a permissible perversion that came into my mind when I was at the Garrick: hapless theatre, to have come down to the musical go-as-you-please—and, as I do not! Certainly it may well be that, though Little Tich got on my nerves, he will find



MISS MABEL LOVE AS NURSE PHOEBE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

favour in your eyes. Many people—the majority, in fact—seemed delighted by him. Happy people, not to be supersensitive, not to have uncontrolled imaginations! It is wise sometimes to investigate one's feelings, and I asked myself, time after time, Why do they laugh while I groan? It is all a question of sympathy. Personally, owing to acting too much on the "put-yourself-in-his-place" maxim, I felt pained for the performer by what actually pleased him—mine was a strained sympathy with feelings which did not exist. That, I fear, is a dreadful bull, but "antipathy" has strayed from its meaning, even more than "sympathy," and so language is difficult.

Yet surely I am entitled, after admitting that as to this performer my feelings may be due to morbid nerves and a horror of "freaks," to hint that "Lord Tom Noddy" as a stage work is contemptible stuff. We have already had enough of the humour from contrast in size. In "Patience" we had no little of it, and Mr. Weedon Grossmith has more than once relied upon it; consequently, one may fairly say that it is irritating to have another work founded on this elementary, cheap basis. The other main source of laughter is in the causing half the characters of the play at one time or another to be reputed wealthy, and then showing the rush to court them for their wealth. Putting aside for a moment the lyrics, it may be said that Mr. Dance shows quite a remarkable lack of inventiveness, and little judgment in his borrowings.

I put aside the lyrics, because they show some ingenuity and brightness. Let me quote two stanzas—

My darling's name is Rhoda,
A bicycle she rides;
Though single in most other things,
Her skirtlets she divides.
When first I saw her on her wheel,
I seemed to feel that sort of feel
That makes your head go in a whirl,
Your hair go snap, your eyebrows curl,
You know you've found your girliest girl—
That's how I feel for Rhoda.

CHORUS. Rhoda rode a roadster on the road to Ryde,
I also rode a roadster on the road by Rhoda's side,
When next I ride to Ryde with Rhoda she will be my bride—
Oh! bless the day that Rhoda rode a roadster.

The second comes from what may be called the ballad of Lord Tom Noddy—

I'd an ancestral home old and rich,
A library fit for a sage,
And family portraits, all which
I sold on my coming of age.
My taste is for fast-trotting gees,
And bow-bows that worry and kill,
And dens where you sit at your ease
And witness a jolly good mill;
And clubs where a supper is served
With Cliquot, and Moet, and Pom,
And rarebits and devils—the King of the Revels
Is "Good Old Tom."

CHORUS. I'm Lord Tom Noddy,
Lord Tom Noddy,
As smart as London makes 'em and as warm as Whisky-toddy.
Yes, I'm Lord Tom Noddy,
Lord Tom Noddy,
A fin-de-siècle nobleman is "Good Old Tom."

You will see from the ballad what his lordship is like, and perhaps be a little surprised that such a person is hero of the piece, and that one is supposed to take a friendly interest in him, and rejoice that the love-affairs of this debauched homunculus with a beautiful young girl end in a marriage—it must be borne in mind that throughout the book Lord Tom is represented as a dwarf.

I turn to pleasanter matters—to Miss Mabel Love, for instance. She dances charmingly, of course, though I fancy I detect signs of lack of recent practice: her singing is pleasant, but her voice requires and will repay better training. Her acting was a surprise; in "Vote for Griggs" she hardly suggested her gifts; as it is, she shows such brightness and charm that, if in earnest, she may become an actress of real value. Dr. Carr's music is too good for its purpose; much of it has real musicianly charm, and would have graced a comic opera; several of the concerted pieces were delightful. Mr. Tich dances with remarkable agility and fine sense of rhythm, and sings passably: his idea of humour seems limited to taking advantage of his disadvantages. Far too poor a part is given to Miss Kate James, a lady of much talent. A Mr. H. C. Barry



MISS MABEL LOVE AS NURSE PHOEBE.

Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

acted with some cleverness as a comic Jew. Miss Sybil Arundale made a hit by graceful dancing and effective miming. I hope that my nerves, which caused me to spend a miserable evening, have not led me to any injustice, but I cannot write pleasantly about what I think a lamentable desecration of the theatre, what, at the least, seems a perversion of the functions of the stage.

MONOCLE.

IN TOUCH WITH "THE MAN AND THE BROTHER."

Recently at a "drawing-room meeting" in South Kensington I saw a son and daughter of Ham the centre of attraction and of homage. For the moment an interesting vegetarian fox-terrier of the fair sex was left out in the cold, and, disconsolate for the caresses of the ladies, lay down with the cat, as we all hope the lion will do one day with the lamb. "Quashie," I thought to myself as I witnessed the *emprissement* of a number of rather gentlemanly women, "like the prophet, is more honoured abroad than at home by the white. He is appreciated as an exotic more than on his native soil, despite the loss of aroma due to transplantation to a temperate clime." Still, the negro unquestionably appreciates the attention he receives in this country, and, carrying home the tale of it to the Sunlands, strengthens the sentiment that England is home, and that the socially arrogant whites of his Colony do injustice to the general sound-sense of their compatriots who have been uncorrupted by pepper-pot and pyjamas. "Where do you get this from?" said I to a sable Jeames on first putting up at an equatorial hotel. "From home, sah!" said he, and he smiled sweetly and softly at the jam-jar. England, indeed, is Sambo's earthly heaven, the place in which he expects to meet the white man on a level footing, the moral demarcation between sheep and goats only being permitted. Having drawn a distinction between the status of my swarthy friend at "home" and in his native land, let me try to recall some odd memories of our mutual intercourse during my residence not very far from the blue, sunlit waters of the Caribbean Sea.

At that time Quashie was everywhere. He washed one's clothes, made the bed, blacked the boots, waited at table, drove the hackney-carriages and trams, ran errands, and was useful in a thousand ways. His merry laugh of huge humour-assimilating capacity was to me always more or less musical, and there was about him a reckless receptivity for the joy of the hour which was delightful. A tyro in commercialism and thrift, a fact of which his garments and bare feet bore often eloquent witness, he had genius for the fashionable and social conventions—genius which triumphed alike over the agony of tight boots and the stress of financial difficulty. Sambo always will do the right thing where what I may call the root ceremonies of existence are in question. Now, there was Peter, our janitor, as steady, solemn-faced, and correct a person as ever filled the responsible post of caretaker and porter combined. The fitness of things had given him a uniform—blue coat with brass buttons, and trousers to match, while Nature made him black, yet prepossessing, like a new and glossy silk hat. Peter had a wife, who at last presented him with a son and heir. We were five of us, altogether, on the staff, two with eye-glasses, and all of a certain official dignity. Little Peter had been born a fortnight when we received a communication worded as follows:—"Mr. Peter — present his compliments, and request the pleasure of your company on Thursday, at 1 p.m., to see the Little Stranger." There was a pleasant suggestion of "the soul that rises in us, our life's star, hath elsewhere had its setting and cometh from afar" in those words "Little Stranger." To help Peter junior to acclimatise himself on our planet, we were all in his earthly parent's little room on the Thursday. Peter *père* had but a few dollars a-month salary, yet he uncorked a bottle of champagne for us, as we stood in an embarrassed group round Mrs. Peter and the little stranger, in a way to remind me of a certain famous picture by Correggio in the Dresden Gallery. None of the others seeming equal to the utterance of anything appropriate except the whispered "Chin-chin," as we shook our heads solemnly at young Peter over the heterogeneous glasses, I ventured to observe, "Paler a little, but decidedly like Peter, isn't he?" One of my eye-glassed colleagues retorted reprovingly, "Much too early to form any opinion." Then we withdrew, without leaving so much as a kiss behind. However, to make amends for the racial want of geniality, I forwarded to Peter, for presentation to his son, a volume of Martin Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy," inscribed, "To the Little Stranger, with the hope that its sound maxims and excellent precepts may prove of service to him in the voyage of life." So much for birth. Now comes marriage.

Nothing more stirs the negro mind, except, perhaps, a funeral, than the ceremony of wedlock and its attendant festivities. The savings of the lady and gentleman, all that they or their friends can beg, borrow, or steal, everything of future contingencies which can be mortgaged, is lavished on one day of hymenial splendour—white muslin dresses, white kid shoes, and so on, for the fair, while the bridegroom and the other beaux model their costume strictly on that of the Prince of Wales and the best ideals of West-End London. Looked at from behind, they present the appearance of dudes and mashers, so as to deceive even the elect. The viands and the drinks are all in harmony with the propriety and brilliancy of the clothing. But, as Metternich might have observed, "Après la lune de miel le déluge," and Pompey and Priscilla return to shoeless feet and unambitious garments, the duster-like turban dispossessing, as by process of natural selection, the bonnet of Paris. Still, there is joy for them in clothes, and sadness at their loss. "When," said Waterfoot to me one day, alluding to faithless, eloping ebon beauty, "she see me in my cocked hat and sawd at the Gubnah's leby, she knew den, sah, what she los'," and I believed him. As I write, once more the hymenial chant of accompanying wedding-friends floats up out of the past—"Mr. Bride and Mrs. Bride, you know what you have to do, to bring fo' children into dis wawld." Some black ladies object to marriage. "No, missy," says cook to her anxious mistress, "me no

marry Jarge. He beat me den, now he well good." Still, fidelity is appreciated. A sable Delilah, mourning for Samson returned to his hearth and Mrs. S., found her dwelling one evening surrounded by a bevy of Mrs. Grundys, who sang monotonously, with what must have seemed to her a "cursed iteration"—

No mo' sago pap,
No mo' rice and milk,
No mo' tapioca,

For de man am gone home to his wife.

Death also is an event which calls for demonstration and outlay. The decorous manifestation of grief is seen in its highest artistic form as the long row of carriages, full of black-coated, silk-hatted, impressively-visaged "men and brethren," winds in and out the glittering streets on its road to Le Repentir, where the one honoured is to take his last long rest beneath the tossing palm-plumes. In the night-watches they have kept "wake" and revelled and sung. If those who sorrowed were devout, they may have made melody with hymns; if worldly, they may have besought the corpse to "Wink the hother heye—honly wink the hother heye." The grave brings one near the end, and time would fail if full justice were to be done to an amiable folk. Some time ago, at the Royal Naval Exhibition, I saw a nigrō lying dead on the deck of the *Victory*—in the Trafalgar Panorama. "Ah," I thought, "it was true, after all." My memory went back to a hot day on the Tropical river. Four negroes rowed and sang as the boat sped up the yellow stream, and we others lounged under the awning. They told how they overthrew Boney on June 18, 1815. It was a long story of Sambo's prowess. The refrain rang loud on the sultry air, drowning the rip-rip-ripple of the boat—

We bully dogs of Jargetown blazed away,
We made the Frenchmen run that day,
Fan de ran, de rang oh!

"They may well call England home," I thought, "since they saved the state."

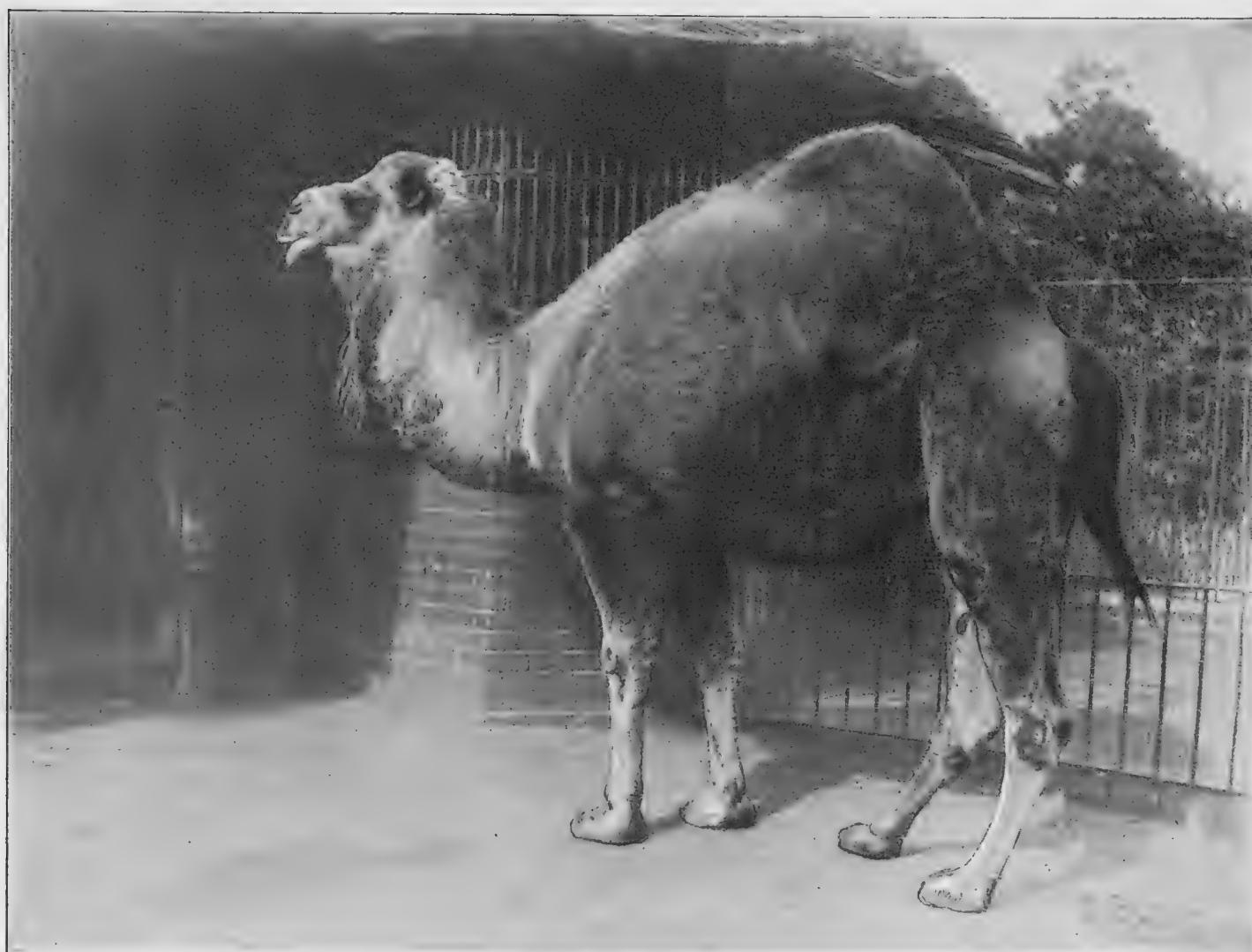
Niger homo nobis cantando restituit rem.

F. B.

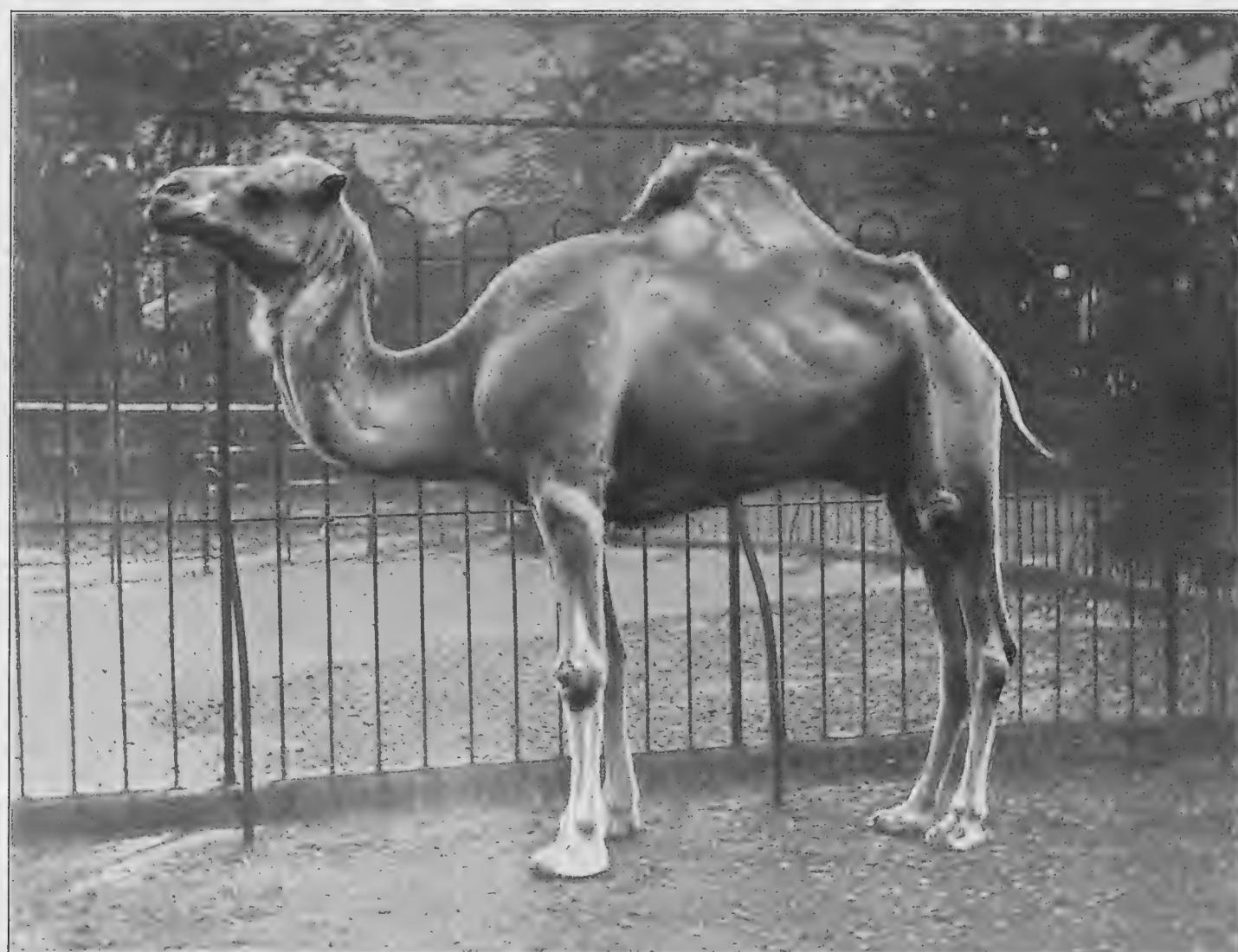
THE DROMEDARIES AT THE "ZOO."

The "Zoo" at present is crowded with visitors from the provinces and Continent, the Londoner being quite the exception. While on a visit the other day, I overheard two old farmers, evidently from over the Border, and taking a holiday before the commencement of harvest, discuss the points of that remarkable inhabitant of the "Zoo," the white dromedary, an illustration of which is given on the opposite page. "That beast," said one of them, "has some lang a neck to hae much wit. I never saw a body nor beast wi' a lang neck hae muckle sense." When I thought the matter over, I saw there was some truth in what the old farmer had said, for the giraffe, the ostrich, the emu, and many other long-necked creatures may be justly designated as silly, and to the truth of this remark the camel and dromedary, however useful they may be, are no exceptions. In fact, the subject of our illustration is of a nasty and uncertain temper, only at times being affable enough to earn his own livelihood by carrying back-loads of children at a penny a-head. He has, at present, however, rather a good excuse, for he is not in good condition, and, besides, he is an animal with a very remarkable history, and, as a specimen, is unique in Europe. His white colour made him a beast of great repute among the followers of the Mahdi during the last Egyptian War, for a white, or albino, dromedary is held by some Mohammedans, as the white elephant is by some Buddhists, as an animal worthy almost of divine honours. He fell into the hands of the British at the battle of Hachin, and came to the "Zoo" as a prisoner of war, being handed over to the Zoological Society by Major Graves in 1885. Like all dromedaries, he has a single hump, whereas in the camel the hump is divided so as to form a natural saddle. His body is lean and slender, his legs long and slim, and his neck swan-like, all denoting speed, so that, in truth, one may say he stands to the camel as a racer to a dray-horse. Yet the difference between them is much greater than that between two breeds of horses, for hybrids are very uncommon, the other illustration representing such an animal. It was born in the Gardens fifteen years ago, and Mr. Henry Self, who has looked after animals in the "Zoo" for forty-four years, told me that its mother was a dromedary captured in the last Afghan War, while its father was an ordinary Bactrian camel. The characters of its parents have been blended so evenly that it is hard to say whether it is most dromedary or camel. While it has the single hump from the maternal side, it has the heavy body, the short, strong legs, the thick neck, and hanging lip from the paternal, while mentally there was nothing to inherit from either side, except a bad temper. At present, poor thing, it is laid up with rheumatism, and is thus unable to earn its livelihood, which I have seen it do at the rate of ten shillings an hour, while its expenses for food were but tenpence a-day, so that, if there were always boys about demanding rides and having pennies, it would be worth a small fortune to the society in a year. Since the days of Job, the camel and dromedary have been familiar animals in the East, but in recent times they have become more and more important to Europeans for transport purposes. They now carry stores to the miners at Coolgardie, food to the inhabitants of remote desert parts of California, while in India, as members of the commissariat department, Mr. Kipling has consummately summed up their character in the two well-known lines—

But the commissariat cam-u-el, w'en all is said and done,
'E's a d. vil, an' an ostrich, an' an orphan-child in one.



THE HYBRID CAMEL.



THE WHITE DROMEDARY.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLES KNIGHT, NEWCRT, ISLE OF WIGHT.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"Nancy Noon," by Benjamin Swift (T. Fisher Unwin), is perhaps the strongest book of the year, certainly by far the strongest book which has been published by any new writer. The influence of Meredith has been very powerful alike on Mr. Swift's thoughts and his style. When Meredith is most mannered he is most sincere; when he is in dead earnest his affectations tend to disappear. It is Mr. Swift's triumph that along with much of the manner of Mr. Meredith, so much that many readers will be irritated, he contrives to keep his book from end to end real, passionate, even intense. It would be vain to attempt a summary of this book. Many of the situations are ordinary, and the story in a skeleton would show poorly enough. What saves it is the white heat of the whole book. If Mr. Meredith had never written, one would have predicted, with the utmost confidence, a great future for Mr. Benjamin Swift, and even as it is I have hopes.

Miss Montrésor, in "False Coin or True" (Hutchinson), is still treading the path very familiar to her. What she knows best, knows better than all save a very few story-writers of to-day, are the refinements of the heart. It is in the byways of life—the common byways, however, not the remote mountain-paths—she finds her best subjects, and sensitive, tremulous natures she can trust better than such as are strong, reliant, or clear-cut. The temptation of such material, the indulgence in weak sentiments, she has not yet succumbed to. Perhaps there is some weakness of another kind in her dealings with M. Moréze here in this new book. She imagines all the time she is playing the *advocatus diaboli*, but nothing of the sort. From first to last she inspires us with warm sympathy for the clever conjurer who was so learned in the ways of humankind, so courageous, and so kind at the back of his cynicism. The dark past and the other side of him she hints at have to us no reality at all, and, for all the dangers of his mesmeric influence over his little medium, a reader very grudgingly sees her given up to the respectable and stupid sect. With Linda, the lodging-house slavey whom Moréze plucked out of misery to help him in his performances, she has a more straightforward kind of success, and a somewhat uncommon one, seeing that she makes us believe, against a good deal of experience, that gratitude is a strong rival to love. Miss Montrésor deserves all the appreciation she has obtained, and more, for her work is unusual. It is a popular audience she addresses, speaking of things and emotions that all the world is familiar with.

Stevenson's "Songs of Travel" have been already noticed in these columns, when they appeared in the Edinburgh edition of his works. But their separate and popular publication by Messrs. Chatto and Windus should be gratefully announced. The addition to his "Underwoods" contains the best of his work in verse, if we leave out of count "A Child's Garden." His outlook on life at his maturity, his pathetic recollections of a gay, spirited youth, have their most vigorous and perfect expression in "If this were Faith," "The Woodman," and the Vagabond Songs. Only now and again had he the true lyric inspiration and power; but they did visit him, and then something exquisite was the result—something which can be liked, not because it is Stevenson's and reveals a trait he has elsewhere taught us to love, but because it is a gem of feeling and expression, as this one, which might be Heine's—

The infinite shining heavens
Rose, and I saw in the night
Uncountable angel stars
Showering sorrow and light.
I saw them distant as heaven,
Dumb and shining and dead,
And the idle stars of the night
Were dearer to me than bread.
Night after night in my sorrow
The stars stood over the sea,
With ho! I stood in the dusk
And a star had come down to me.

In writing an introduction to "Heroes and Hero-Worship," which Messrs. Ward, Lock have issued in their "Nineteenth Century Classics," Mr. Edmund Gosse has departed from the snare habit of speech usual among writers of pretences. The temptation is, of course, very strong to compare the conduct of a preacher with his counsels, especially when those were so firmly emphatic as were Carlyle's in this particular work. And frank denunciation of disagreeable and unmanly traits when the offender has taken his misery and his sensitiveness under the ground is not necessarily ungenerous, even when we owe to him as much as we do in this case. Still, Mr. Gosse's commentaries on Carlyle's demeanour and attitude to late are needlessly severe. Setting aside the veil of genius, we find underneath, he says, "a peasant growling like an ill-bred collie dog, a philosopher without philosophy, a humanitarian without a pity for others, without love, without sympathy, a prophet immersed in a vast dim misery of apprehension about his own comfort and renown." We are still too much under the influence of his glowing genius to calmly hear a reference to his squalid egotism. The pendulum must swing, but Mr. Gosse has jolted it a little roughly. Yet he is not unappreciative, only keenly scrutinising, looking on the man's conduct and his work as he did long ago on his bodily presence when he watched him hanging on the arm of Mr. Brodie or Mr. Topsy. "It was surely a charming appurition, it must be confessed; yet life is not made up of vegetable fictions of a family, nor of beautiful old man-like waxworks, and one is glad that one occasionally saw, in the early 'seventies, those extinguished awful eyes and ashen features, since those also were the lava and cinders of a genuine volcanic hero."

Q. Q.

HIORS D'ŒUVRES.

The course of European affairs moves so quickly, when it takes it into its head to move at all, that it is quite possible that the eternal Eastern Question will be temporarily solved or worse embroiled by the time my humble suggestions are printed. Still, the probability is that a week hence the Powers will still be remonstrating and the Sultan still deporting his Armenians, if not massacring some more, to an accompaniment of "Atrocity" meetings here and elsewhere. The feeling of England is absolutely unanimous. Even those who approve of the Turk in the abstract have given up Abdul the Dam-Hamid as a bad job in the concrete. The bard of the *Daily Chronicle* says to Abdul, "Out you go!" and the general public says "Ditto to Mr. Tomkins." But then?

Mr. Gladstone never calls the Sultan anything but "the Assassin"; but, unfortunately, that is his only contribution to the discussion. It is probable that the Sultan, if he knows enough history, calls Mr. Gladstone "the Old Man of the Mountain." There is nothing in all this to prevent both from enjoying excellent health. Lord Rosebery, in that rather sneaking and curping style that has done much to discredit him, hints that the present trouble is all Lord Salisbury's fault for not keeping on good terms with the Powers. But even Lord Rosebery does not give the glimmer of a notion of what he would do were he in the post that he has filled and may fill again.

The question remains—What is to be done? And here I think that the advocates of half-measures and timidity rather miss the point of the situation. They argue that whatever England could do alone would only make confusion worse confounded, and that the appearance of the Mediterranean Fleet off Constantinople would be the signal for general anarchy, a massacre of Christians, and an ultimate European War. It is perfectly true that to police Constantinople adequately would require all the troops we could spare for the present, and that to bombard the city would be cruel and ineffectual. But matters need not come to that point, for good and sufficient reasons.

In the first place, it is likely that our fleet—if possible, reinforced by an Italian squadron—could get through the Dardanelles without trouble. The garrisons of the forts are probably unpaid and disaffected; and a little money and the landing of some marines in rear of their works would take away their wish to resist. In any case, their fortifications are likely to be out of repair, and their guns obsolete and short of ammunition; Turkish officers have a way of selling their powder to buy bread. The fleet, once past the narrows, could anchor off Constantinople, within easy range of the Palace—or rather, with certain ships in a position to demolish that quarter.

The alternative of Zanzibar might then be put to Abdul. The usurper in Africa was a younger and bolder man, and his Palace was brought down about his ears. One would doubt if the Sultan has so much courage. I should fancy that even the extreme measure of bombardment, strictly confined to the Palace, might be tried without giving rise to the anarchy and general massacre of Christians feared by the timid. For it must be remembered that the late massacre of Armenians was organised. The murderers appeared in ordered crowds, with recognised leaders and signals, and were evidently directed and instigated from the Palace, in which they took refuge when threatened by the Embassies. If it was made clear that the first murder would be the signal for the destruction of the Palace, the word would not be given; and probably, by proper management, the Europeans and what other Christians are left might be got together in one quarter of the town and assisted by marines and bluejackets. Cudgels and knives are very effective weapons against helpless and timid Armenians; but the most turbulent Turkish mob would pause before the mouth of a Maxim.

It will be remembered that a British fleet has passed the Dardanelles twice before. The first time was to terrify the Turks out of their alliance with Napoleon. But the Admiral, with Constantinople at his mercy, allowed negotiations to be spun out till the city was too strong for his fleet, and he had to force the passage out again. Again the fleet went up in the last Russo-Turkish War, this time to prevent the Russians from entering Constantinople. The intervention was effectual, as the guns of the fleet commanded the ground over which the Russians would have had to pass.

A general war should not spring out of our action, even if the Palace had to be smashed. The Sultan's cause is too bad for the most cynical of statesmen to support. The crafty selfishness of Russia, the timid selfishness of Austria, the brutal selfishness of Germany—I refer merely to the prevailing characteristics of their Foreign Offices—would not go to war in defence of so black a villain. What has happened in Crete? Austria, timid and Turcophile, proposed a blockade of the island against Greek sympathisers; the other Powers backed Austria. Only Lord Salisbury, backed by the approval of all parties, held out and refused. There was no blockade, but Crete has a constitution under which she has some chance, for the first time, of decent and orderly government. No doubt the real cause of this yielding temper on the part of the Sultan in the case of Crete, was that the island, long and with an enormous coastline, is at the mercy of a fleet. Had Constantinople been at the mercy of a British fleet, there would have been no Armenian massacre—if we know our Admirals. Let us try the move again.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

CRICKET.

It is a great pity that the Australian cricketers, who are now disporting in America, could not close their English tour with a victory. On the principle of being thankful for small mercies, we may express satisfaction that they did not wind up with a defeat. As a matter of fact, the draw with the South of England, a decidedly good team, was distinctly in favour of the home side, who, in addition, were at a great disadvantage when they lost the toss.

Where the Australians have astonished us is, of course, in the bowling. I am not ashamed to confess that I entertained strong doubts as to the strength of the side in this respect. That these doubts were to a great extent justified is proved by the fact that Trumble turned out the most deadly bowler the Australians brought over. I scarcely need to point out that in 1893 Trumble did very little over here. Perhaps it was because on that occasion not a great deal was expected from him. He was merely a change. This season he was invested with a great responsibility, and he rose to the occasion in most sensational fashion. For a long time we thought Trumble's success was merely because of bad batting on the English sides, but, then, even batting does not fail consistently, and Trumble's bowling triumphs have been consistent enough with a vengeance.

It was, of course, for the most part a season of very hard wickets, certainly not the sort to favour slow bowling, a fact to which Briggs would, doubtless, testify; but yet we find Trumble opening with 4 for 46, 6 for 62, 1 for 35, 2 for 50, 1 for 3, 4 for 24, 3 for 15, 1 for 54, 6 for 17, 5 for 46, 6 for 81, 4 for 28, 3 for 22, and 6 for 84. This was not the full extent of his prowess, for, among other feats, he took 6 for 69, 4 for 46, 5 for 61, 7 for 67, 6 for 59, and 6 for 30. And, mind you, his best performances were not against the least famous clubs. At the Oval in the memorable rubber match Trumble struck me as a bowler almost unhittable. It was, of course, a bad wicket; but then, even on bad wickets we see bowlers send down some loose balls. The secret of Trumble's success lay in his marvellous precision. Possessing tremendous height, he never failed in directing the ball to a certain spot. He made the ball rear up almost straight, and as he never lost his temper when catches were missed off him—for brilliant as was the Australians' fielding, they missed a lot of catches—Trumble generally came out with a fine average.

The prospects of Australian cricket are remarkably bright. The youngsters of the present team will be wholesomely respected when they grow up. Clement Hill, for instance, is a long way off twenty, and yet his was not the least difficult wicket to obtain. The fact that he is a left-hander may add to his invulnerability. English bowlers find great difficulty in reversing the break for left-handers, and that is why, I think, H. T. Hewett used to do so well, for I do not think he was a much better class slogger than G. L. Jessop. Darling, too, is young, McKibbin has plenty of years before him, and several others of the Australians will be seen for many years to come. Giffen showed up in a surprising manner, but I doubt whether we shall see him again. For that matter, it is most improbable that "W. G." will ever face another Australian team. At the same time, one does not care to make a statement like that, seeing what a remarkable cricketer the Champion is at forty-eight years of age.

FOOTBALL.

There is hope for the South again. The secession from the Rugby Union of such clubs as Leeds Parish Church and Castleford has once more left the Yorkshire Union with the thankless task of casting their eyes about and picking up latent stuff. They bridged over their difficulties last year in very satisfactory fashion, seeing that they won the Championship, but I have an idea that that was a piece of luck of which there is not likely to be a repetition.

Sooner or later the South must win the Rugby County Championship. The tendency in the North is powerfully towards the paying of players, and so, if we do succeed, it will be, not because we have improved, but because the Northern ranks have been depleted of their picked men. I never had much faith even in Yorkshire and Lancashire amateurism.

What may be called the first lap in the League's race has served to leave us in a charming state of puzzlement, so far as it affords a clue to the actual results.

I cannot remember a season opening with so many surprises. Before we knew where we were, Sunderland had been beaten on their own ground; an event without a parallel since three years ago; Derby County had failed to secure more than one point out of their three first matches; and Aston Villa, who were to astound the world, had lost two points away and one at home.

For Bury to beat Sunderland was not quite so marvellous as for West Bromwich Albion to lower the colours of Aston Villa. The Albion last year were the whippers-in in the First Division, whereas, as all the world knows, Aston Villa were undisputed champions. The majority of people are inclined to regard the result as a fluke, owing to short practice; but while I fully believe that the Villans will "come again," yet it seems to me that the result goes to prove that one set of good players is very like another.

GOLF.

I remarked in this column a few weeks ago that, take him week in and week out, you would not find a greater golfer than Alex Herd, the St. Andrews-cum-Huddersfield professional. Sandy must have read this

remark, and inwardly resolved to live up to it, for in the great Irish competition, organised by the Newcastle County Down Club the other day, he met and defeated practically all the leading professionals of the day (Taylor did not play), and won the first prize of forty pounds. Ben Sayers, of North Berwick, made a good second, and his twenty pounds was well earned.

By the way, I heard a funny story about Sayers the other day. At a professional tournament, in which Taylor was beating Sayers anyhow, the latter, after watching Taylor make his drive, said, "Mon, Taylor, ye havena the full swing. Give me your club and I'll give ye a lesson." Taylor with the utmost good humour looked on while Sayers flourished his club, and actually took a hint from the North Berwick player. It is well known that Sayers, though a very little man, uses a longer driver than any other man playing, and he uses it with great effect. He literally adds to his stature by the length of his club.

Congratulations to W. B. Taylor, of the Edinburgh Carlton, in winning the Irish Amateur Championship for the second time in succession. His opponent in the last round was D. Anderson, of the Panmure Club, but the latter fell all to pieces before Mr. Taylor's brilliant play.

OLYMPIAN.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

It is understood that the Prince of Wales was highly delighted over the win of Persimmon at Doncaster, and in commemoration of the event substantial souvenirs have been sent to R. Marsh, the trainer, and John Watts, the jockey. It is somewhat remarkable that his Royal Highness's luck in racing changed almost directly his horses had been removed from Kingslere to Newmarket. At the same time, to John Porter the credit is due for impressing upon the Prince the all-important fact that a good horse does not cost any more to keep than a bad one. Lord Marcus Beresford, too, has managed the thoroughbreds well, and his lordship does know how to place 'em.

The Newmarket First October Meeting commences, as a matter of course, on Sept. 29. There will be a big gathering of owners at the headquarters of the Turf, and probably some important trials will take place for one or other of the Autumn Handicaps. The recent wonderful form shown by Laodamia has nonplussed several owners who thought their animals worth backing for the Cesarewitch. If Mr. Fulton decides to let his mare run for the long race, the field will be far below the average, as I hear of several animals that are not intended to oppose Laodamia. Perhaps Mr. Fulton will wait for the Cambridgeshire. In that case, the betting for the short race would undergo a revolution. At present, I think Teufel has a big chance at the weights.

It was in 1839 that the two great Autumn Handicaps were first instituted. The Cesarewitch Stakes had 300 sovs. added to the sweepstakes, and the race having drawn so many visitors to Newmarket to witness it, on account of the prospect of a show of horses to run for the added money, and having proved a great success, the inhabitants of Newmarket raised a subscription among themselves to add to the value of the stakes that were to be run for over the Cambridgeshire Stakes course, so as to score another success. They accordingly raised the sum of £160, which was handed over to the Jockey Club authorities, who, out of the above amount, appropriated the "magnificent" sum of £100 to be added to the stakes, keeping the odd £60 as a reserve fund. The Cambridgeshire Stakes at that time was for owners to subscribe 25 sovs. each and 10' forfeit, and 100 sovs., as above, added. On the first occasion there were twelve starters. The race was run on Monday, Oct. 20, 1839, and it was won by that sterling horse Lanercost, owned by Mr. Ramsay and ridden by Noble; and Mr. Bowes' Herman Platoff was second, and the same owner's Mickleton Maid, who had also run second in the Cesarewitch, was third. In the race there were six false starts, owing to the antics of Revoke, who broke away six-times and made a circuit of at least a quarter of a mile on each occasion. Lanercost gave 3 st. to one of the competitors and lumps of weight to others, and proved himself a great horse, for the handicap was framed a good deal lower then than it is now. It is rather curious that the first Cesarewitch should have been won by an Irish owner and the first Cambridgeshire by a Scotch one, thus leaving the clever Newmarket division and Yorkshire stables out of it.

The western race-meeting at Ayr passed off in peculiarly disagreeable weather. Lord Lonsdale's Porte Bonheur carried off the beautiful County Cup which Mappin and Webb had modelled in sterling silver after the Italian style. The trophy was flanked on each side by figures carrying laurel wreaths, emblematical of victory, while the stem was ornamented by horses' heads very cleverly modelled.



THE AYR COUNTY CUP.

SOCIETY ON WHEELS.

When to light up: To-day, 6.55; to-morrow, 6.53; Friday, 6.51; Saturday, 6.48; Sunday, 6.46; Monday, 6.44; Tuesday, 6.42.

Miss Beatrice Langley, the talented violinist, who is taking a well-earned rest in a remote spot near Teignmouth in Devonshire, prior to starting upon a tour in America with Madame Albani, is one of the latest converts to cycling.

Last week I asked an enthusiastic young would-be cyclist returning from her first lesson whether anybody held her up, "Oh, no!" she replied delightedly; "nobody held me up at all, and I got on splendidly; but my brothers held up the machine, you know."

Here is a historic cycle, which was made about forty-five years ago by Mr. Philip Moritz Fischer, a surgical-instrument maker of Schweinfurt, for his personal use, and is now preserved in the museum



A HISTORIC BICYCLE.
Photo by Kornachen, Schweinfurt.

of that town. It is constructed of wood, and has wooden wheels with iron rims. The treadles or pedals have little weights attached to keep them horizontal.

This is positively the last time that reference will be made in these notes to Mrs. Charlotte Smith, of Washington, the Mrs. Ormiston Chant of America. Many of the United States newspapers devote several columns daily to Mrs. Smith—she says that she is married and dislikes being called "Miss"—and to the subject of her anti-bicycling crusade. Quoth the lady—

But as to bicycling: it is my belief that it is the worst evil that has ever befallen any country. It has taken possession of hundreds of thousands of men and women, whose minds are running riot. It is not only injuring our women, it is not only injuring our men, but it is menacing the future of our race. If the craze continues, the future generation will be composed of fully fifty per cent. of idiots. My crusade is not only a moral, but a physical one. I don't want to see the strength and virility of our race destroyed. Why, you have no idea of the many ills that are caused by bicycles. There is a constant strain on the optic nerve that is in time bound to produce blindness. All sorts of nervous disorders and Bright's disease are directly traceable to it. Last, but not least, there is that horrid thing called "nuddles."

Then she has "issued an attack" in the form of a circular and in the name of the Woman's Rescue League. The following is the substance of the circular—

Whereas, Bicycling by young women has helped to swell the ranks of reckless girls, who finally drift into the standing army of outcast women of the United States, more than any other medium; and

Whereas, "Bicycle runs for Christ" by the so-called Christians should be properly termed "bicycle runs for Satan," for the bicycle is the devil's advance agent, morally and physically, in thousands of instances, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Woman's Rescue League denounce bicycle-riding by young women because of producing immoral associations, both in language and dress, which have a tendency to make woman not only unwomanly, but immodest.

Cannot our transatlantic neighbours puncture this person?

The acme of wit among Somersetshire small boys seems to be attained by the "smart" youth who shouts loudly as the cyclist passes, "Hi, Mister! your wheels be going around!" There must be "comic relief" somewhere in this remark, for it is one that invariably creates an immense amount of mirth among the round-eyed yokels present to hear it. But the actual part "where we laugh," as Charlie Babbs would say, needs a lot of finding.

One frequently hears complaints made to the effect that railway companies, instead of taking cycles as ordinary passenger luggage, charge

heavily for conveying them. It should be borne in mind, however, that the directors of railway companies are but human, after all, and, even in this land of free trade, of political reformers, and of mock-moralists, it is human nature's impulse to attend first and foremost to personal interests. Perhaps the directors of railway companies would not speak exactly in these words, but, depend upon it, if the travellers themselves were placed at the head of affairs they would act in a like manner.

Nevertheless, something should be done to compel railway companies' servants to treat bicycles with more care. I paid six shillings for the privilege of taking a bicycle with me last week from King's Cross to Scotland, and if I had asked, "Why this charge?" the booking-office clerk would, no doubt, have said that it was because bicycles are fragile things, requiring special care in transit. Now, that would be all very well if there were any evidence that the bicycles were treated with special care, but there is not. The front wheel of my own bicycle last week had been knocked far out of its true position, and the back mud-guard was badly bruised. This matter needs looking into. Railway companies, which charge so handsomely for carrying bicycles, should certainly be held responsible for any damage which happens on the way.

The Western Highlands are entirely overrun with bicycles. Lately I saw a man in black frock-coat and tall hat riding down Glencoe. I wonder if he were riding for a wager. Again, while sitting at the foot of a beautiful waterfall dashing down the rocks in a wild Highland glen, I happened to turn round. As I did so I beheld four cyclists dismounting. A few moments later they were busily engaged in boiling kettles and making preparations for tea generally. Truly the wheel is a mighty reformer of ways and customs in all districts.

Among the leading cyclists in Argyllshire are Lord and Lady Morton; they are extremely fond of wheeling, and are often to be seen riding on the shores of Loch Linnhe, near their lonely Highland residence, with all their family, making quite a large party.

I have not yet heard that the Bishop of Argyll has taken to the wheel; but no doubt we shall soon see him riding among the glens of his Highland diocese.

A tit-willow has whispered to me that Lady Warwick and Lady Angela Forbes were seen riding home from a dinner-party at a country house not far distant from Warwick Castle. And they looked so graceful, it said, in their becoming evening-gowns.

I see a good many Elswick bicycles in the Highlands. I like them extremely. A friend of mine covered a hundred miles on a very bad road the other day in seven hours and twenty minutes, without training, which I thought very good; while an acquaintance of his, who had trained, rode the same distance in six hours and ten minutes.

I think this speaks very well for the Elswick bicycles. By the way, I believe it is not generally known that the firm which supplies these machines has nothing to do with the celebrated ordnance manufacturers, Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co., who have their works at Elswick. The latter have been inundated to such an extent with letters of inquiry respecting cycles that they have been compelled to resort to printed forms of reply stating that they have no connection with the cycle manufacturers who have adopted the name "Elswick."

The cycling-ground companies in the vicinity of London must look to their laurels, for the Crystal Palace authorities are on their track—or, to be more accurate, on their own. They have just opened a new ground on the northern section of the Sports Arena, close to the Low-Level entrance of the L. B. and S. C. Railway and the Penge entrance of the Chatham line. Mr. Henry Woodham, constructor of the Catford track, is responsible for the new erection, on which A. J. Stocks rode one-third of a mile in thirty-four seconds before a large gathering of the fourth estate. The track measures three laps to the mile, and is banked to eight feet. Twenty-five feet in width at the northern rounded bend, and widening at the home curve, it is thirty feet broad in the straight, and Mr. Stocks, after dismounting, said he thought the new ground would be superior to the one at Catford. The racing season will be formally opened on Saturday, when two invitation races, for which many acceptances have already been received, will be held. In a fine, sheltered position, the latest improvement and addition to the Sports Arena should be very popular. The old cinder-path at the Palace, round which I have often urged a wild career, has long been out of active and useful service, and it is in keeping with the new and vigorous policy of the Crystal Palace directorate and their hard-working manager, Mr. Henry Gillman, to be entirely up to date. The experts are pleased; the public knows a good thing; of breaking of records there will be no end.

A LOVER'S EMBARRASSMENT.

"And when was it," she asked tenderly, "that you made up your mind to propose?"

He blushed and faltered, and tried to say that it was on a summer night, when she looked radiantly beautiful in the pale moonlight. As a matter of fact, it was one morning when the boarding-house coffee was exceptionally weak; but how could he tell her that?—*Puck*.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FASHIONS AND SO FORTH.

I always think that the girl who married merely for the sake of getting herself an elaborate trousseau was rather a fool for her pains. Her husband probably failed to fulfil his intended destiny as an unconsidered trifle; her clothes inevitably wore themselves out, and then she must probably have "felt left," as the Americans crisply put it. It would



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A GRACEFUL STYLE FOR YOUNG GIRLS.

have been much more to the purpose if she had entered "*the profession*," with never-ending possibilities of new outfits and new managers, so different from the unlimited liabilities which matrimony entails. Judging from the "wardrobe" which was shown me recently of a "star" who is shortly to visit America, I should say that few brides can so recklessly revel in chiffons as duly accredited leading ladies. Twenty-seven gowns, all with the Paris hall-mark, form part of this good lady's panoply of war, besides cloaks, capes, and other devices of the millinery imagination without end. One of the most seductive frocks of the whole retinue was an elaborate model of stone-coloured china crêpe, lined with palest blue silk, and embellished on bodice and skirt with rich broderies of white-and-gold guipure. The bodice, of a new white-striped mousseline de soie, was daintily gathered over back and side pieces, while arranged in three accordion-pleated box-pleats in front, the centre pleat hiding the hook-fastening. Three flounces of the same material over kiltings of the ciel-blue taffetas, and edged with narrow ivory Valenciennes, gave the tight-fitting sleeves that necessary style which severely plain shoulders somehow lack. An Antoinette fichu of the lightest silken cambric, edged with lace, was joined to the bodice just in front of shoulders, from where it fell to both sides of the waist. The belt of fawn moiré ribbon, twisted twice around the waist with infinite art, fell in folds to the edge of skirt at left side, the ends being embroidered in white and gold, to match that on both bodice and panels of skirt. Another gown was very peculiar in the treatment of skirt, which was pleated in the manner French modistes call *le soleil*—that is, with the material falling in deep-marked pleats at the edge, while scarcely any fulness is allowed at top. This freak of fashion, which is quite new, adapts itself best to poplin, bengaline, or such stiff materials as will best retain the pleatings. Dozens of charming belts, in every form and colour, accompanied the costumes of this lucky young woman, put together with that apparently careless touch which Gallic fingers are assuredly to the manner born of giving—close-fitting, deep-folded belts, made of silk, satin, or ribbon, some of the newest departures in this important article of present toilettes being piped with contrasting shades of satin or silk. Talking of waists reminds me, by the way, that the fashion-mongers inexorably decree that our long, slender, ethereal forms are to disappear beneath the encroaching skirt, which will

gradually creep up under our arms as it did in the palmy days of the Empire. People may cry "Pooh!" as they did when it was first suggested that ears should disappear under puffy pillows of waved hair, as happened a few seasons back. But fashion carried its way there as it certainly will in the matter of long waists, which have really remained an unconscionable time. So those who know, know that waists, as at present understood, are doomed to at least a temporary eclipse. Parisian corsetières find a great development in the zone of lovely woman since these Greek waists have been announced as a forthcoming manner, and I have heard that an expansion of three and four inches even has occurred in the girdles of many of their smartest customers. For such is the constitution of vanity. But other and more disquieting rumours are also abroad. With this ascent and loosening of the waist, which will perforse come gradually, as all radical changes do, there is to be an accompanying shrinkage of skirt, and one has horrid visions of a future state in which formless shapes of thirty inches and thereabouts in the middle will be counterbalanced by an exceeding tight and trailing garment below. Further still, our poor matrons are threatened with the terrible turban of their ancestresses. This form of hat is to be a vogue for winter fashions, as I indicated some time back; but, while both jaunty and becoming to fresh young faces—of the *retroussée* type particularly—the turban is ruthless to age, and it needed not the caricatures which have been handed down for us to realise the bathos of this form of adornment over cheeks withered from age or puffy with over-fruition. Meanwhile, returning to my muttons of the moment, in the matter of the sketches adorning this page, one which I have been at pains to present to the appreciative is an outdoor visiting-dress of a dark peony-red silk, the gored skirt of which is lined with black silk, a smart and popular combination of the coming season. The outside of skirt is trimmed with pleated flounces of red silk, edged at both sides with headings of black. The bodice, fastened at the back, is arranged loosely in front over the figure to show a plastron of beautiful embroidery in black and white. The seam on each sides simulates a tuck, similar tucks finishing off seams at back and sides. The sleeves are a moderate-sized gigot shape, and are gathered in three tucks from cuff to shoulder, finished with a double



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SMART AUTUMN VISITING-GOWN.

pleating at lower edge. A black ribbon belt, twisted twice about waist, and upstanding collar to match, with frillings of black lisse, edged with ivory lace, finish the exceedingly smart gown, with the exception of some handsome rococo buttons in black and white enamel, which appear in front. A black Leghorn straw, with bows of dark-red ribbon and shaded velvet peonies, completes the costume.

That threatened advent of tight and trailing skirts to which I have before alluded will at least advance the dyer's cause, if no other, and those of that chameleon profession will no doubt rejoice that the tidy,

wide, gored skirt will be gradually replaced by those sweeping garments which someone aptly summarised as dust-distributers in dry weather and crossing-sweepers in wet. But fashions and furbelows apart, the "dyer and cleaner," who, as euphoniously described by Bobby Burns, "Gars auld claes look amast as weel's the new," is a personage to be reckoned with—even cherished in these days of quick-changing modes; and the perfection to which such notable Scots as Campbells, of Perth, have attained now largely assists the fashionable woman to appear in apparently endless fresh frocks and patterns new, otherwise quite beyond even the liberal limits of her allowance. Nor is it only the renovation of "self and partner's" wardrobe with which these modern magicians are concerned. From freshening up the finest Indian embroideries on delicate silk or muslin to renewing the youth and lustre of our brocade and tapestry house-plenishings, Campbells, of Perth, have a skill and finish all their own, and many is the milliner's, tailor's, and upholsterer's bill which their useful ministrations yearly save the skilful *Hausfrau*.

I always think the chief compensation for waning summer days is to be found in the anticipation of those cosy fireside, well-shuttered evenings of which Dickens used to give us such delightful glimpses that I have often caught myself envying those simple-minded forebears of ours to whom hissing urn and well-laden tea-table brought more genuine delight than all our elaborate eight o'clock menus to their *blasé* descendants. But while perhaps agreeing with "Owen Meredith" that "old things are best," one still realises the impossibility of "going back," and the mould candles requiring friendly aid from snuffers with which our grandfathers' feastings were illuminated would perhaps pall on the imagination accustomed to incandescent gas or electric light. Still another development in our greatly improved gas system has been prepared for approaching winter evenings in the invention of a new pendant called the "Surprise," which works wonders of convenience in any room where it is suspended. One burner gives excellent results, as far as light is concerned, and a pretty silk shade directs it on the table, while the well-arranged mechanism of this pendant enables it at a touch to be drawn to and balanced in any position. Both from the aesthetic and convenient point of view, therefore, the "Surprise Pendant" excels all other inventions of the sort. It is equally adapted for gas or electric light.

SYBIL.

FASHIONS FOR THE THEATRES.

I always have the keenest admiration for Miss Olga Nethersole's gowns—in fact, I have yet to discover the woman who fails to appreciate their incomparable smartness and their unique and distinctive charm; but my admiration has been increased tenfold by a private view of some of the lovely clothes which are to accompany the famous actress on her American tour. But though the American women will have the advantage of seeing them, you shall have the very first introduction to them, even though it be only by proxy.

Just imagine, for instance, a silken afternoon-gown in ever-varying tones of heliotrope and green—this for the plain skirt, while the bodice is patterned with a design of closely clustering pansies, shading from deepest, richest brown on, through yellow and violet, to palest heliotrope. This exquisite silk gives place, in due course, to a vest of white satin, veiled with mellow-tinted lace and turned back with big revers of the pansied silk, the last touch being given by some wonderful old miniature buttons—truly of great price, for they were painted in the time of George I.

Another gown has a skirt of black satin, all glittering with a graceful design of fleur-de-lis embroidered in shimmering green sequins, the bodice being of white satin veiled with black chiffon, on which the fleur-de-lis again appears; and then there is a third and entirely lovely dress of crêpe de Chine, its accordion-pleated fulness held in at the back by a great diamond buckle, while a Marie Antoinette fichu is draped round the shoulders and falls to the hem of the skirt. The bodice is cut in such a way that the throat is left quite free, and the whole effect is exquisite.

In the way of evening-gowns, I think that the place of honour must be given to a trained Princess dress of the richest white brocade, its absolute simplicity only relieved by a bordering of sable at the square *décolletage*. Really, no woman could wear such a gown with more distinction than Miss Nethersole, for every movement of her lithé figure is the very perfection of grace.

There is something of barbaric splendour in a second gown of pink velvet, made with a long train, and thickly embroidered with a bold design in turquoise jewels, the whole of the bodice-front being hung with turquoise beads, which, in their vivid loveliness, fall in glittering chains and festoons nearly to the knees. Miss Nethersole has another dress of white brocade, but this time its floral design is outlined in many-coloured jewels, and it is made in the Empire style, with a great diamond butterfly poised on the left shoulder.

If you have not lost your heart already, it will infallibly go out to four evening-cloaks, veritable things of beauty and of brocade and sable. One is of dark-blue mirror-velvet, and another of yellow satin, and both are lined throughout with darkly lovely sable and finished with a deep collar and cuffs of the same costly fur. A third, for evening wear, is of pink brocade, fashioned with enormous loose sleeves and a sacque back, and from neck to hem in front there falls a cascade of exquisite old lace. The category is completed by a cloak of dark-red velvet, its richly beautiful colouring setting off to perfection the delicate loveliness of the chinchilla lining and the deep collar and cuffs.

What woman seeing, or even hearing of, these things could possibly remember that a Tenth Commandment existed?

And still there is more to come, some morning-dresses, to wit, one which is adorably *chic* being of pale-green linen, banded in at the waist with satin (in green of one shade darker) beneath a little zouave jacket, on which some most cunning human spider has embroidered a filmy cobweb in white cotton—a cobweb in which every woman's fancy will be hopelessly entangled. Another linen gown, in tender pink this time, is glorified by a bodice of pink chiffon over white satin, its soft fulness held in at the waist by a pink satin ribbon fastened by an emerald-and-diamond buckle. And there are bishop's sleeves of the chiffon-veiled satin. Finally, some tailor-made gowns illustrate the possibilities of a gentleman's frock-coat when adapted to the female form divine—a fawn cloth, lined with pink silk, having its frock-coat turned back with a fawn velvet collar, and a blue cloth being made in the same style.

And now we can with a little better grace allow the Americans to gloat over these lovely things, at which we have had the first peep.

Next to the keeping of a promise, and the giving of a few words to the evening-gowns at the Garrick—that is, after I have told you of that Princess gown which is sketched for you, and worn by handsome Miss Katie Leechman.

Made in primrose-coloured satin, cloth, its severe simplicity of style is cleverly relieved by a puffed chemisette of white chiffon, and sundry bows of pale-blue satin ribbon, the scheme of colouring being repeated



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MISS KATIE LEECHMAN'S DRESS IN ACT I.

in the iridescent passementerie which outlines the bib bodice. As the Princess gown is to be our fate this season, it is pleasant to see it in such attractive form, and this dress is also notable by reason of the fact that it is absolutely seamless, the fulness of the back springing out of nothing in a way which is little short of marvellous.

For the rest, there are two particularly notable evening-gowns which again illustrate the possibilities of the Princess style, one of white satin, outlined with an embroidery of pale-mauve and deep-violet anemones, and opening over a petticoat of powder-blue velvet, wrought with silver, and the other in turquoise-blue satin, veiled with black gauze, which falls in straight, full folds from the *décolletage*, and gives alluring glimpses of the sheath-like perfection of the gown beneath, while an embroidery of carnations glittering with sequins adds to the effect.

Some of the embroideries are lovely, notably showers of marguerites on a white lisso ground, which veils white satin, and again, clusters of forget-me-nots and roses on eau-de-Nil lisso over palest blue satin, while, again, a black lisso over-dress is embroidered with black flowers interwoven with threads of gold.

At Drury Lane last autumn's array of Worth's wonders are replaced by the simplest of cotton and cashmere gowns, as suited to life in the wilds of Australia, and yet, strange to say, the second heroine, if I may so call her—Miss Edith Jordan, to wit—is murdered in the most frivously pretty robe de nuit imaginable, Watteau back, cascades of lace, and satin ribbon at the back.

This is really the most elaborate costume worn in the piece.

FLORENCE,

CITY NOTES.

THE DUNLOP COMPANY.

There seems to be a great deal of unnecessary apprehension on the part of holders of Dunlop Pneumatic Tyre Company's shares as to the threatened litigation. There has been a tendency to confuse the issues somewhat, for, as has been pointed out by our contemporary the *Financial News*, even if the proceedings should be carried to a trial and the plaintiffs should win, the Dunlop Company would not be damned in the slightest degree. The claim is against the promoters, and cannot in any possible way affect the company itself. The business of the company appears to be flourishing in a most remarkable way, and, instead of flagging as the end of the year approaches, as prophesied by some people, it is increasing at even a greater ratio. The value of the shares, it is true, has receded from the highest point; but this was inevitable, in view of the large speculative element interested in it, which would, in the ordinary course, slide out when opportunity presented itself. But we venture to think that the next important movement in these shares will be an upward one. The company has got fairly settled down to work, and the profits at present, which the *Financial News* says are being realised, are enormous and likely to far outstrip the estimates given in the prospectus. A pleasing feature in the company's finances is the reduction of its debenture indebtedness at this early stage by a sum of no less than £500,000 out of a total of £1,000,000. This is a very satisfactory operation, and proves the strength of the company, when it is able at once to redeem half of its entire debenture issue. To all appearance our contemporary is inspired on this subject, and if one-half of its confident and categorical predictions are realised, it will not be long before the "bears" of Dunlops feel sorry they speculated, and the "stags" that they were in such a hurry.

CANTERBURY AND PARAGON.

It was an interesting little matinée that took place at the Canterbury on Thursday last, although unaccompanied by the usually attractive features of a music-hall performance. It was the occasion of the ninth annual general meeting of the shareholders of this company. The chairman took the principal turn, and he was able to deal with the affairs of the company in a highly popular style—more especially that part relating to the declaration of a dividend. The net profit for the year amounted to £8252 13s. 11d., or an increase as compared with last year of £664. This the chairman looked upon as highly satisfactory, in view of the fact that last year was by no means a good one for the music-hall world generally. The profits admitted of a further dividend, which, in addition to the interim dividend declared in February last, would make a total distribution of 10 per cent. for the year. Although that does not seem a high rate for an undertaking of this nature, yet, when it is borne in mind that this company has been paying regular dividends for the last five years, varying from 7 to 10 per cent., it would appear to be managed on sound business principles; still, one expects more than the rate declared when all the risks are taken into account, and when a retrospective view of music-hall finance recalls to one's mind how many undertakings of the class have gone up like rockets and come down like the sticks.

QUEENSLAND NATIONAL BANK.

The cablegram of a few weeks ago announcing that the Queensland Government had appointed a Committee to inquire into the position of the Queensland National Bank was received on this side with no small amount of surprise, it not being generally known that such a step had been contemplated. It is true that the Act of 1893, which confirmed the plan of arrangement entered into by the bank with its creditors, provided that the Colonial Treasurer, or his nominee, was to be permitted to investigate the position of the bank at any time, but it was never considered for one moment that the scope of such an investigation would extend to the dimensions or take the form which the cablegram would indicate. From mail advices now to hand, it would appear that the position of the bank is giving rise to no small amount of uneasiness in the Colony. The question of the Government stepping in to guarantee the obligations of the bank has been widely discussed, and the principles involved in such an extreme step have been very ably commented upon in an article appearing in a leading Brisbane newspaper. The organ in question points out that by once admitting the policy of Government intervention by guarantee to save the bank, it might give rise to no end of demands upon it in this connection. The whole round of financial institutions and others bound up in the country's welfare could, with equal right, have a claim on the Government, which it would be difficult to logically resist, were a precedent to be established in the case of the Queensland National. On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that the position of the Government is a peculiarly delicate one, in view of its financial relationship to the bank. Unlike the other Australasian Colonies, the sole banker to the Queensland Government is the Queensland National, and at the present moment it is the largest creditor, so that it, no doubt, fully recognises the important issues involved by the credit of the bank becoming seriously impaired. It is an unfortunate position, for it will be a difficult matter to avoid having a suspicion that the proposed investigation may not be of such a searching character as it would have been if conducted on purely disinterested lines. The tendency of the Colonies appears to be towards the creation of State Banks, but the steps towards their establishment have hitherto only been tentative, and have been disguised under the alleged imperative necessity of averting crises. Before they go any further, let

the Colonies study the history of such institutions—not in Europe, but in North and South America. Not that we suggest a comparison between such cases and those of our Australasian Colonies, except in the sense that they have not yet reached the stage of development or extent of population at which it becomes out of the question that banking facilities should be utilised for political purposes. *Verbum sapienti sufficit.*

PLAIN TALK ABOUT WESTRALIAN MINES.

The following very outspoken letter from our Western Australian correspondent may not please those whose interest it is to describe everything in that Colony in laudatory terms; but we think our readers will appreciate the unvarnished opinion of an unbiased witness, who has no "axes of his own to grind"—

Cement, Cement, Cement! One hears of this as a strange prodigy of Nature. Geologists who have never been outside a school of mines, miners who have never been soiled by candle-grease, experts whose sole claim to distinction arises from the magic letters M.E., which they place at the tail-end of their names—all talk of cement with bated breath, and make experiments, save the mark! Now, this cement is, in my poor opinion, nothing but the remains of a quartz reef which has been deserted by the attendant soil, toppled over upon its side, and, by the action of the weather, solidified into a mass of quartz fragments cemented together by kaolin clay. Clay is the very devil in a battery; it takes so much water. But the quartz fragments are easily crushed; the kaolin can be washed away, and the gold left. Let us hear no more nonsense about dry-crushing plants which won't crush, or patent processes which are only valuable to the patentee promoter.

I have been over some of the Cement claims at what is called the Twenty-five Mile—Why? These claims are about thirty miles from Coolgardie, at Kintore. They are, most of them, in the hands of the Venture Syndicate and André Mendel and Co.'s Exploration Company. The public must not expect too great things. There are many points to be considered—the water question, the management, and the capital. Many mines jib at a cool half-million, which would trot kindly to the touch of a lighter hand. The best of the Cement claims at Twenty-five Mile are the Great Dyke and Orizaba. These have some ten acres with rich cement from five to sixteen feet thick. Total amount, say, 350,000 tons, yield one ounce; cost of milling £2 a-ton; profit £700,000. This reads nice—on paper—and the little 10-head battery on the Great Dyke and Orizaba will pay its way. But it cannot crush more than thirty tons a-day at full pressure.

Life of mine is, therefore, nearly thirty-two years, and mining leases only run twenty-one years. This does not count the various reefs which have yet to be explored, and which may turn out rich. Here one sees the famous Thermal Spring beloved of experts, which they have invented to account for something they have never taken the trouble to examine. It may be a thermal spring, but, if so, I see no points about it. It is as dry as the rest of Western Australia, and it certainly never had anything to do with the Cement claims outside a prospectus, where, no doubt, it came in useful. The Venture Company's Cement claims did not give me the same results in panning as those on the Great Dyke. As for managers' reports, I don't give a fig for them. Managers are only human. They are not likely to run down the mines out of which they make a good living, if an unsteady one. I may say that I liked the Cement claims as a whole, and I think that, with plenty of water and low capitals, the companies should pay respectable dividends. I see no difficulty whatever in treating the stuff. It is nothing but quartz and kaolin.

But this is a country of mysteries; we hear of wonderful finds of gold in all kinds of rock, and then, after many days' journey through the lifeless bush, find an ordinary quartz reef much the worse for wear. There are no reefs at Hannan's, only "formations." A mine-manager feels quite insulted if you ask to see his reef. "My 'formation,' I suppose you mean." A formation means, of course, an abominable jumble of quartz leaders mixed with country rock, which may, as in Hannan's Reward, make into a big reef at depth, but very often goes the other way and cuts out altogether.

By the way, Hannan's Reward is likely to make a fine mine. The reef at 300 ft. is wide, and, what is of much more note, rich. Mount Charlotte is another good property, with one of those ridiculous dry-crushing plants which are ordered in England and cursed at on the mine. Directors who will know so much more than mine-managers should be made to pay for their freaks. Why will directors insist upon sending out machinery when their managers are not ready for it? I walked over one day to the H— mine, which has the reputation of possessing some rich ore. The ground was covered with machinery and magnificent poppet heads were being put up over a main shaft. Huge boilers were being erected, and all the place was chock full of expensive if not effective machinery. I asked to see the mine. The manager looked puzzled. "The main shaft is down 197 ft. in hard blue diorite," said he. I wanted to go down, but he said it was not connected with the workings.

There were three prospecting shafts and an air shaft 100 ft. deep. Now, I ask, why, in the name of goodness, did the directors send out a whole consignment of machinery when absolutely no development work had been done at all? I will guarantee that the manager, who was an old miner, and knew his business thoroughly, was never consulted. He was much too loyal to say anything, but he must have groaned many times at such a one-eyed way of working. That man should have been given two years to develop his mine, drive his levels, sink his shafts; then let him have his battery. No doubt, the H— ore, white, chalky-looking stuff, that will want 15,000 gallons of water a-day, is good enough, but the directors might have waited till they had a mine before they sent out machinery; at least 50 per cent. would have been saved in cost—say £1000. But what is £1000 to the poor shareholders? It is, of course, worse with the Brownhill, where the ridiculous dry-crushing process actually doesn't turn out more gold than the same number of men would crush in a hand-dolly! Mr. Moreing is an eminent engineer. I advise him to order a 20-stamp battery at once, and sell his dry-crusher to some "new chum" just out from England. The Brownhill is a splendid mine, and, with an adequate water-supply, could run the Boulder close in the way of crushings: but not with that ridiculous arrangement they now have on view. The Kalgoorlie Railway will be open in a few weeks, and then Hannan's, which already has a most beautiful club-house, will also have a railway-station. Civilisation is supposed to be advanced by railways, but personally I prefer waterworks. A great deal too much fuss has been made about these railways. They are very nice, but they don't help anyone. They add to our comfort, perhaps, as those who have struck a stump on the Kalgoorlie road will admit, but they don't reduce prices. Western Australia wanted water—plenty of water—and she has got railways. All the political energy of the land has been directed towards getting railways, and I very much disgusted the very capable Minister of Mines, Mr. Whittenoom, by telling him that I thought these wonderful railways were no good at all.

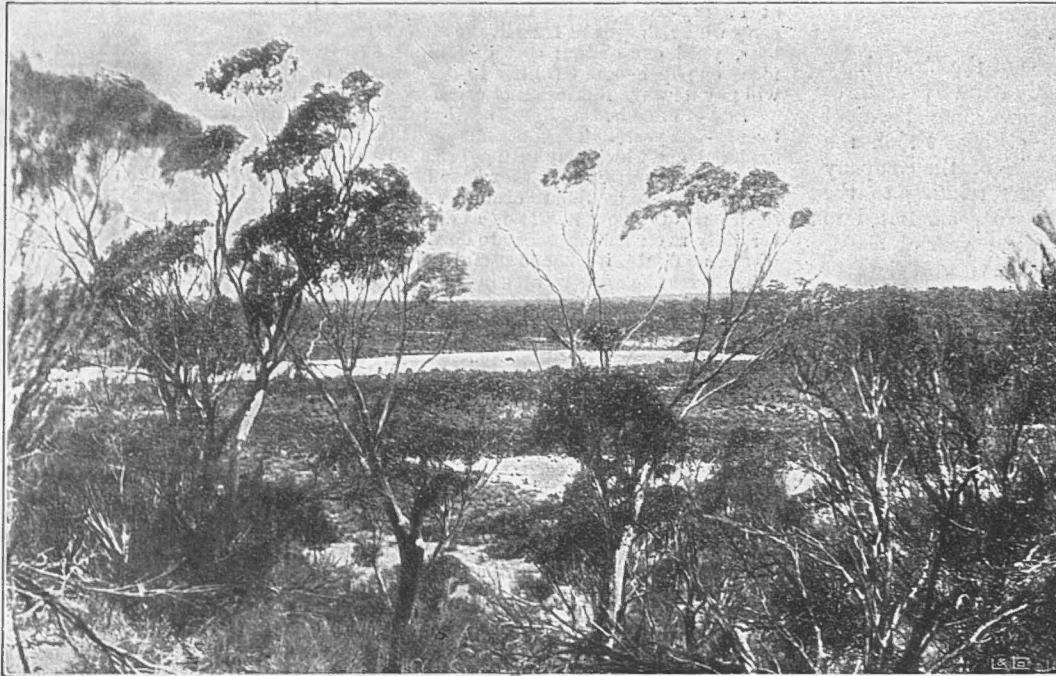
If I have a mine at Hannan's with a 5-oz. reef, what is the use of my being able to erect a mill for £2000 less money than before I had my railway, if I can't run that mill when erected? A mill without water is useless, its prime cost of no importance. They are now fighting over a water scheme which will take three

years to work out—a good-enough scheme, but why not have given it to us earlier? I venture to say that if all the political energy which has given us a most admirable system of railways had been directed two years ago towards supplying Coolgardie and Hannan's with water, Western Australia would have headed the list of gold-producing centres, and we should have now been in the midst of a gold-boom such as the world has never seen before. Agricultural districts require railways in order to compete with other markets. The agricultural railways in Western Australia have been a splendid boon to the country. It may surprise many people to hear that Western Australia has any agriculture; but those who have tasted Darlington wine will admit that viticulture will one day be a mainstay of the Colony. And as with vineyards, so with timber. There is no timber in the wide world so fine as the Karri that is cut at the Denmark or at Karridale. Such industries require railways; gold-mining doesn't, as the Transvaal knows (though it will not, perhaps, own it). But so much for railways. We have got one projected for Menzies, one for Cue, and one for White Feather, and one which, by the way, will really be a necessity, for the new coal-field at the Collie. You can hardly cart coal hundreds of miles as you can gold.

This Collie Coal-field will be a big thing one of these days. The coal is excellent fuel; it won't coke, but very little coal will make good coke. Even in Denver they buy their coke from England. But it is a splendid steam-raiser, and, as the day is not far distant when all the fields will be crying out for cheap fuel, the Collie coal will be a great boon. It can be raised for five shillings a-ton, and Newcastle coal sells at twenty shillings, so the margin is large enough to pay a handsome profit. The Government does everything in Western Australia. I often wonder why, but they do, and they have spent many thousands in developing these coal-fields, with good results. They are close to Perth and near a sea-port, so New South Wales will have to look to its laurels, as the journalists hard up for phrases say.

WATER FOR WESTRALIA.

It may be impossible to get water in Western Australia without gold, but certainly it seems, from the above letter, that it is impossible to get



HANNAN'S LAKE.

gold without water, and plenty of it; we are sure, therefore, that there will be a cordial welcome for a company about to be formed, under the strong auspices of Hannan's Proprietary Development Company and its associated group, for obtaining an ample supply of water from Hannan's Lake, of which we this week give an illustration.

This group of companies includes—

- The West Australian Pioneers, Limited.
- The Colonial Finance Corporation, Limited.
- Hannan's Proprietary Development Company, Limited.
- The Corsair Consolidated Gold-Mines, Limited.
- The Lake View East; and
- The Golden Pike.

They have one or two peculiarities not unworthy of imitation. Not one of them has ever put a waiver clause in its prospectus, and not one of them has ever had a single share underwritten.

The new company's title is "Hannan's Water and Ore-Reduction Company, Limited," and it will have a capital of £150,000, of which no less than £40,000 has already been taken by the signatories of the Memorandum of Association. By the terms of the lease from the Government of Western Australia, £60,000 has to be expended on the works, but the company has more than amply provided for this, its working capital being £100,000. It will supply water, by four miles and a half of galvanised-steel piping, not only to the extensive properties of "Hannan's Props," but also to the following well-known mining companies—

- The Associated Gold-Mines of Western Australia, Limited.
- The Lake View South Gold-Mine (W. A.), Limited.
- The Lake View Extended Gold-Mine, Limited.
- The Lake View East Company, Limited.
- The Golden Pike Company, Limited; and
- Hannan's Oroya Gold-Mining Company (W. A.), Limited.

At the time of Mr. Herbert Moir's recent visit to the property, he found three feet of water on the surface, and at a depth of only

twenty-five feet the supply from the pipeclay bed of the lake is inexhaustible. Samples of the water have been chemically analysed in England, and the company's engineers have designed a large suitable condensing plant. Mr. Allan M. Moir starts from England to take charge early next month.

The Interim Report of the West Australian Joint Stock Trust shows that the directors have not let the grass grow under their feet since the incorporation of the company last November. If only a portion of their numerous ventures are as successful as the directors anticipate, the shareholders will not do badly. There seem some grounds for hoping that the Northern Territories will open up well.

It is rumoured that the underwriters of the Dumont Coffee Company are "stuck" to the extent of 70 per cent. We are sorry for them, but we are not altogether surprised. Even Glasgow, which has absorbed Finlay Muir and Buchanan Tea Companies with a devotion worthy of a better cause, can hardly be expected to swallow a coffee company with a share and debenture capital of £1,200,000.

Saturday, Sept. 19, 1896.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters to be addressed to the "City Editor, 'The Sketch' Office, Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. R. M.—You have made a pretty good selection, but as regards No. 3 see the remarks in our Australian letter in this week's "Notes" about "the Hill-mine." Yes, on the whole, we think New Primitive shares are worth buying at present prices.

F. M.—We advise you to have nothing to do with the firm you mention. See answer to "Honor" in last week's *Sketch*. You would not, it seems to us, get a vestige of specific security for your money beyond the assurance of the persons who, for the last few months, have occupied a couple of rooms in the cellar—we beg pardon, the lower basement—of the huge building (a "rabbit-warren" of offices) the picture of which adorns their pamphlet. This picture seems to us to suggest that they occupy the whole building, instead of two rooms in the lower basement. The immense placard of their names right across the face of the building, which appears in the picture, does not exist. As long as fresh money keeps pouring in, all payments for "interest" and withdrawals, and for their enormous advertising expenses, will, no doubt, be punctually made, but what is going to happen when the public get alarmed, when all want to withdraw at once, and no fresh money is being deposited?

EXPLORER.—We advise you not to touch it.

BREWERY.—(1) We have a poor opinion of the brewery in question. There are some very respectable people connected with it, but we understand it has an inferior lot of houses. (2) We have a much poorer opinion of this concern, which is run by a person whose career reminds us of Dr. Johnson's remark—"I do not wish to say anything against the gentleman behind his back, but—I think he is an attorney." (3) Don't have anything to do with them.

J. W.—Newspaper, newspaper-cutting, letter, and stamped, directed envelope received, but you have not complied with Rule 5.

A. J. E.—(1) The property is not bad, but we still think, in view of circumstances that have recently come to our knowledge, that you acted wisely in withdrawing your application, and our answer to your first question is, "No, if they received your withdrawal before posting an allotment letter to you." (2) You will find that your application-money will be returned in due course. (3) We are glad the shares which we advised you to buy have turned out so well. We think you might now take your profit. That kind of thing is speculative. The market is weak, and money in hand is a good thing in times like these. At the same time it is a good property. (4) We could not say. We thought the area was twenty acres. (5) Yes.

CUMULATIVE.—We considered the concern largely over-capitalised and over-staffed. What can it want with a president, four vice-presidents, a chairman, a vice-chairman, five managing directors, and thirteen ordinary directors, besides a secretary and assistant-secretary? It reminds us of the army which consisted of "four-and-twenty men and five-and-twenty pipers." We do not consider the 7 per cent. preference shares "a sound commercial investment." There are 5 per cent. debentures in front of them to the extent of two and a-half millions, and the ordinaries have received no dividend since March 1894.

CIV. SERV.—Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. have done very well this last year, and have still large contracts in hand. We are glad to hear you bought on our advice. We advise you to hold. As regards the Argentine market, we think Buenos Ayres Great Southern, Central Argentine, and Buenos Ayres and Rosario Ordinary are all pretty good, and for a plucky gamble Santa Fé and Reconquista bonds at about 28 are worth picking up.

H. F. H.—(1) Its trade is too dependent on lavish advertising. (2) Sell on any advance. (3) A good 5½ per cent. investment. (4, 5) We do not care for either of them. (6) A fair speculative mining venture.

PERSIMMON.—Have nothing to do with the party and his "system."

J. H. S.—(1) The concern was promoted by people whom we distrust, but it possesses some of the best mines in Hannan's district. (2) Pretty good. (3) Speculative, but considered fairly good. (4) Do not touch them. (5) Good, but very dear. Competition in this line is increasing. (6) After a somewhat long experience of meddling with ink, our advice is, "Better leave it alone." (7) Do not touch them. (8) We never advise people to deal with outside brokers. They may be as honest as members of the Stock Exchange, but if they are not, the Committee has no power over them.

NEMO.—Two fair speculative mining ventures.

ENTRE NOUS and W. H. B.—By the rules of the paper we are not permitted to answer anonymous communications.

D. J.—We do not advise it. The company came out about the 1st inst.